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The Jerk Line Team

By Dr. Irving Wills

Today or tonight, should you be driving your Cadillac, Ford or Rambler along any western highway, you will surely encounter every so often one of those great diesel powered, smoke belching behemoths of the highway, the truck and trailer. Should the section which you are traversing be one of those labeled "Two Lane Road, No Passing" or should it bear the additional legend "Downgrade Ahead, Trucks Use Low Gears", it may be your misfortune to come upon a line of cars proceeding at a leisurely pace behind one of those mighty giants.

Your reaction may vary from mere annoyance to frustration or something more violent. The question will inevitably arise: Why is this inhuman monster denying you the free use of this beautiful stretch of asphalt and concrete?

The answer is a simple one. He is there because you put him there; because you demand that someone deliver to you the car you drive and the fuel with which to operate it; the choice foods for your table from all over America; household appliances; the heavy machinery which furnishes you with light, heat and water supply; indeed, most everything which your modern living requires.

In the pastoral days of the West under the old Spanish and Mexican regimes, the ranch with its far-flung acres and the little pueblo with its simple trading center were fairly self-sufficient. Travel was largely on horseback and such trade goods as appeared at the few widely scattered seaports were transported by pack train or the creaking, wooden wheeled carreta pulled by a pair of somnolent oxen. The few roads were little more than dusty trails by summer, with mud hub deep in winter.

The coming of the Americans from the Midwest and the East to the West and Southwest brought an almost revolutionary change. Perhaps the most spectacular and rapid departure from the Mañana ways of the Californios followed on the heels of the gold rush. While the pack train and the "bull team" continued, however inadequately, to serve the relatively inaccessible mountain areas, the sudden, enormously increased demand for distribution of goods had to be met by something far more efficient. The slow bull teams, which had pulled so patiently covered wagons across prairie and mountain, gave way to the horse and the mule. The two, four and six

horse teams of the more or less level country of the midwest and the logs handled by the driver with two hands full of reins or more, was really to cope with the heavy loads and steep grades of the mountain country. It was from this chain of circumstances that have developed the phenomena of heavy transportation which we know as the Jack Line Team.

The narrow, steep, twisting roads were literally carved out of the mountain sides by hand, using pick and shovel together with the simple primitive road making tools such as the plow, the drag and the scraper. Very often, in effect, one way streets had, since they had to be used to take advantage occasional wider sections or "turnouts" were provided to give the teams room might pass. The limited width of these "highways" made it impossible to bunch the animals four or more abreast, so the teams, hauling anywhere twenty or more animals to the team, were strung out two abreast with the distance between the teamster and the lead animals in some logging the use of reins or checks was a physical impossibility. To meet this problem the Jack Line came into use.

This Jack Line was a single light rope, or line, which extended from the teamster all the way to the heads of the team or lead horses, where it was attached to the ring of the bridle bit. The line had was usually a long piece of hard twist cotton rope from a quarter to three-quarters of an inch in diameter which had been previously stretched and often had been given a coat of paint to increase its durability. This line was strung by hand along side of the team, sometimes through a ring which was snapped into the end bit ring of each animal or along the top of the bit hame. It was with the line that the teamster gave to the team leader the signals to turn right or left. The signals were accompanied by the command "Gee" or "Haw" indicating right and left respectively; but, with the self trained horses these commands often were unnecessary. It was impossible that the other two animal move in unison with his partner to left, right or straight ahead, and this was accomplished through the use of a "yoke stick". This was a flat hardwood stick usually five feet long with a ring in each end. The ring was attached to the hame on the collar of the left horse, or one leader, and the other to the bit ring of the off lead mate. In this way the one leader automatically guided his partner in which ever direction he made.

When the teamster wished to make a turn to the left, he gave a short pull on the jack line and the leaders moved to the left. In order to signal the direction, that is to make a right turn, the signal was a firm "tug" on the line, sometimes accompanied by the command "Gee", and the leaders swung to the right.

To many it may be easily understood why a leader would "Haw" when, in fact, turn to the left, when he received a pull on the left hand side of the line, but it may be difficult to understand how he knew he was to "Gee" when he received a jack on the line. This was accomplished by the carrying of the leader by the use of the "Gee String."

This Gee String was a short leather thong attached between the right hand side of the collar of the one leader and the right hand end of the yoke, where a teamster looked straight on the line the correct intervals from the team to the left; but, the moment he did so, he took up all the slack in the Gee String and received a severe jack on the right side of his neck. He, of course, was then to turn to the right. After a few quick turns he quickly learned that he could have himself considerable punishment by

the simple of when he received a jack, he did not throw his head to the right, he could swing to the left.

During the training period the command "Gee" always accompanied the jack and so the rapidly every teamster continued to use this command the jack and so the rapidly every teamster continued to use this command the jack and so the rapidly every teamster continued to use this command

message perfectly. And he seemed to have a type of wisdom which enabled him to interpret the seemingly uncomplimentary phrases his sensitive microphones picked up, to winow out the hidden respect and appreciation of his master, and to put forth his best efforts. So when mule skinner spoke, and mule understood the "mule language", there developed a rapport impossible to explain to the uninitiated.

There was another type of "persuader" which many drivers used, particularly in starting a team. This consisted of a bag of small stones which hung on the saddle. When the teamster was ready to put his team in motion, he would speak to them, and then would toss a small stone, which he was capable of doing with extreme accuracy, at the near leader. When this animal started up, not only his partner but the rest of the team followed. The beautiful etching by our beloved Edward Borein, which is reproduced on page 3 shows a team at the moment of the start. From the position of the driver's right arm, he has just "thrown his rock", and the near leader, having gotten his "signal", has put his shoulders into the collar, and begun to dig in. The model for this picture was the original jerk line team of Ed and Al Bermingham. The animals were those that remained of their last regular working team. Since this etching was made some twenty-five years ago, all the mules have long since passed into their "mule heaven."

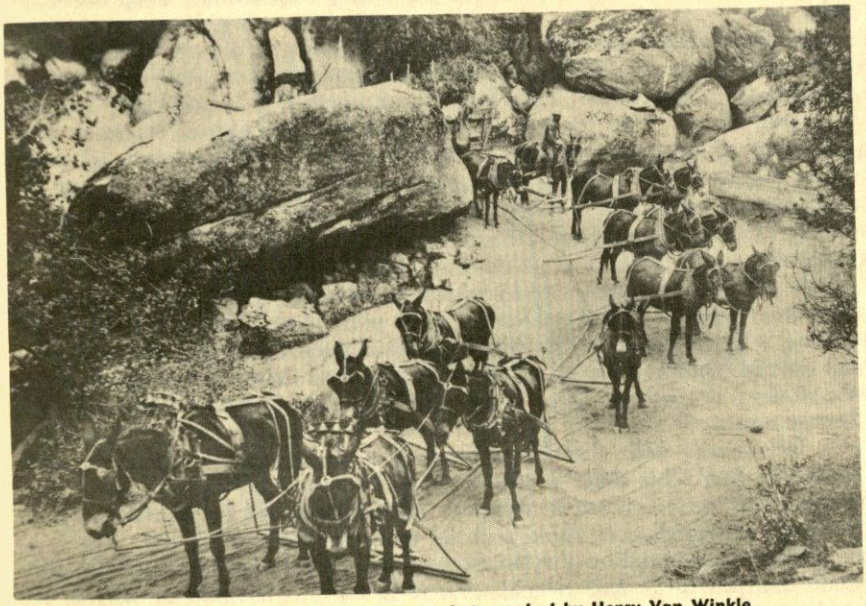
The Lead Team, or "Leaders", were in many respects the most important animals in the team. They had to be fast and eager enough to keep the chain tight without lugging too heavily on the bit. At the same time, they had to be quiet and level headed and not easily frightened. Most teamsters took great pride in having as leaders the handsomest and most intelligent animals they could find.

Let us consider now the hook-up of a typical jerk line team of fourteen animals as shown in the photograph on page 5. The first pair, as already indicated, were known as the Leaders. The pairs behind them were designated somewhat differently by different teamsters or freighting outfits. Frequently they were known, beginning just behind the leaders, as "Fours", "Sixes", "Eights", "Tens", "Pointers", and "Wheelers". Other teamsters spoke of the "Fours" and "Sixes" as "Swingers", and the next three pairs as "Third", "Second", and "First Pointers". At the wagon were, of course, the Wheelers; and these animals were placed on either side of the tongue with the teamster usually riding the Left or Near Wheeler.

In this outfit there are two wagons, a lead wagon and a trail wagon, and extending forward from the axle of the lead wagon up to the leaders is a long heavy chain known as a "Fifth Chain". Extending backward from the axle of the lead wagon there is a long heavy steel rod to which the trail wagon is attached by means of a toggle. At intervals of nine and a half to ten feet along the Fifth Chain, there are cross bars, or "Stretchers", which are hooked to the Fifth Chain. The location of these Stretchers provides the proper spacing of the animals.

These Stretchers were made of hardwood or, more usually, a piece of iron pipe with the ends flattened and perforated. Linked into each end by a hook or clevis was a whiffle-tree or single-tree into which the tugs from the harness of each animal were fastened. These stretchers were four feet long and the single-trees three feet.

The wagons were of heavy construction, usually twenty feet long with a bed sixteen feet long, four feet wide and approximately four feet high.



Jerk line team in California Sierras, photographed by Henry Van Winkle

The number of wagons depended upon the weight and bulk of the load hauled and the number of animals in the team. While many outfits used just a lead and trail wagon, it was not at all uncommon to hook two or three trail wagons behind the lead vehicle.

Brakes were made of heavy wood blocks curved to fit the heavy steel tires of the wheels and, on most wagons, were on both the front and back of the wheel. These brakes were activated by a long brake lever at the front of the lead wagon. To the top of this lever was attached a rope handled by the teamster, who rode the near or left hand Wheeler. A ratchet on the side of the wagon enabled the teamster to lock the brakes in position.

Many freight wagons were equipped with a large wooden, somewhat wedge-shaped block, attached under the bed of the wagon by a piece of chain, which dragged immediately behind the rear wheels. When a team was halted while going uphill, the wagon could roll rack a short distance, when it encountered this block and so was prevented from rolling downhill.

As an additional aid in controlling the heavy freight wagons on a steep downgrade, steel skids or "shoes" were provided. These shoes were made of heavy steel in the form of a short ski. In the turned-up toe of the ski there was an eye to which was fastened a short chain bolted to the bed of the wagon directly in front of the real wheel. This shoe was a little wider than the tire of the wheel and on either side were a pair of guide bars which kept the skids in place. Just before starting down hill, the teamster placed these skids in front of each of the rear wheels of the lead and trail wagons, and

as the wagons rolled forward onto them, the rear end of each wagon became, in effect, a bob-sled. By this means the skilled teamster safely controlled the tremendous inertia of a load of twenty to thirty tons down a steep mountain side.

The Wheelers were attached through the tugs to a pair of single-trees and these in turn were fastened by clevises to a double-tree which was pivoted to the rear of the tongue. They might be harnessed to a neck yoke fastened to a ring slipped over the end of the tongue of the wagon, or, more commonly, the tongue was attached to their collars by a short length of chain.

The Pointers, that is the pair of animals immediately in front of the Wheelers, were harnessed to a stretcher which was attached to the end of the tongue and it was their duty to pull the tongue to left or right when a turn was made. When the team was proceeding straight away, the long Fifth Chain which pulled the wagons and to which all animals except the Pointers and Wheelers were hitched, lay between each pair of animals. If the team was pulling a light load or going down hill, this chain frequently dragged along the ground. On the other hand, with a heavy load or when pulling up grade, the chain was taut and lifted above the ground to a height of a couple of feet or more.

It is easily seen that in negotiating a sharp turn, particularly on a mountain road, this chain would cut directly across the curve and, if there was an obstruction, it would hang up on the inside of the curve; or, there being no obstruction, it would pull the wagons off the road.

When one visualizes the mountain roads of that earlier day, with their many hairpin turns and switchbacks, it is easy to understand why it was so important to have an extremely well trained team combined with tremendous skill and judgment on the part of the teamster.

In order to keep the wagon in the middle of the road on a turn, it was necessary for the Pointers to jump the chain and, by pulling sidewise, that is, in the opposite direction to the Leaders, keep it always in an arc representing the center line of the road. The photograph on page 5 shows how beautifully this maneuver is executed by a well trained team and a skilled teamster. In this illustration, the two wagons are almost completely hidden behind a huge boulder into which they would be jammed unless this maneuver were carried out with extreme skill.

I am indebted to my old friend, Henry Van Winkle, of Santa Barbara, for this magnificent picture, which he snapped many years ago in the Sierras while on one of his many hiking trips there. Careful examination shows the teamster riding the near Wheeler, the jerk line in his right hand, the brake rope attached to the brake lever, which can be seen against the white stone behind him, the Leaders with the jockey stick between them, and the jerk line passing forward to the bit ring of the near Lead mule. Also shown are the "Team Bells" or "Hame Bells" about which something will be said later.

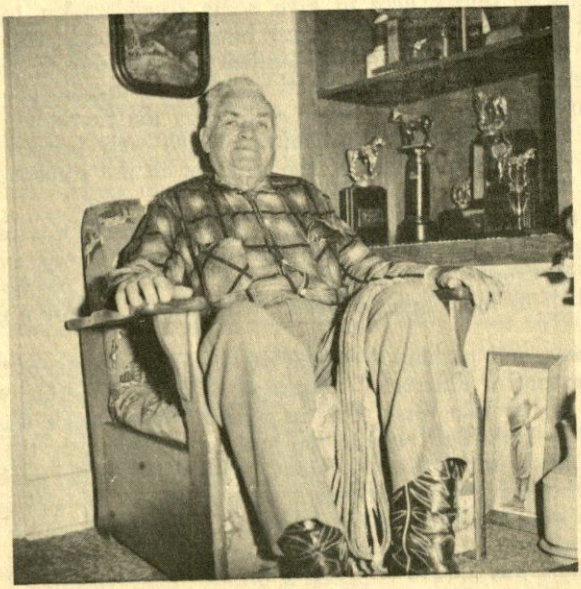
In this picture the Twelves, Tens and Eights, or First, Second and Third Pointers as they were sometimes designated, have jumped the chain and are holding it taut in order to keep the wagon in the center of the road as it makes this difficult turn.

In a paragraph above we considered the training of the Leaders in the performance of their duties. Perhaps next to the Leaders, the Pointers are the most important pair of animals in the team. To them is assigned

the duty of directing the tongue of the wagon and its trailer or trailers into its proper position, so it is seen that, when a turn is to be negotiated, this pair must immediately jump the Fifth Chain and so steer the wagon as to keep it in its proper alignment.

Various means, depending upon the training, skill and intelligence of the teamster, were used to train this pair of animals so perhaps it would be well just here to digress a moment and have a look at the teamster himself and how he accomplishes his job.

The end result at which all teamsters aimed was a perfectly performing group of animals: a team of ten, sixteen, twenty, or more, each pair understanding its particular duty and each carrying it out with a minimum of effort, command, cajoling, cussing, or punishment on the part of the man in charge. Some, indeed many, teamsters accomplished this purpose primarily through punishment, which often meant generous use of the "black snake," a vicious weapon in the hands of an impatient or unintelligent teamster. When he wished his animals to carry out some particular maneuver, it was rather characteristic that this teamster would dismount and apply this long leather whip vigorously in order to move the animals into the position he desired. Many an old time unskilled teamster has been heard to remark, "The only way to handle a mule is to take a chain to him." From this cruel and unthinking method came the title, unfortunately applied to almost all jerk line drivers, of "Mule Skinner." I say "unfortunate" because many and probably most of the best teamsters found this method of handling not only unnecessary but unproductive of the best effort on the part of their teams. My old friend, Ed Bermingham, at present living in Morro Bay, one of the most skilled jerk line drivers this country has known, who at almost eighty-



Ed Bermingham, skilled jerk line driver

two years of age still drives his jerk line team proudly in the parade each year at the Pioneer Day Celebration in Paso Robles, has never had much sympathy with this method.

When Ed or his brother Al, who was also a very accomplished trainer, were schooling their Pointers, they rarely found it necessary to leave the saddle in teaching their animals to jump the chain at the proper moment. Ed told me that he used to sit on the Wheeler with a long old-fashioned bamboo fish pole in his hand. As soon as he gave the signal with the jerk line to the Leaders to make a right or left turn, he called the Pointers by name, perhaps "Matt, June" and then poked them with the fish pole until they jumped to left or right. Given a reasonably intelligent pair of Pointers and a little patience, aided by encouragement furnished by the fish pole, they soon got the idea, and before long, when the Leaders made a right or left turn, the Pointers automatically jumped into their proper position for the turn.

Ed, at the age of twelve, drove his first jerk line team hitched to an old time gang plow on the family ranch. In 1889, at the age of fifteen, he was the proud owner of his first team. His team hauled hay into Los Angeles in 1899 and thereafter, and grain to Port Hueneme from the Russell Ranch near Triunfo, in Ventura County. For some years he had headquarters in Fresno, for his activities took him over most of the San Joaquin Valley and up into the Sierra Nevada Mountains and, still later, into San Benito County where his magnificent teams had to negotiate the narrow, treacherous mountain road to New Idria quicksilver mines.

Although the motor truck came into the transportation picture a few years after the turn of the century, Ed continued to operate his jerk line teams until 1922, his activities during the latter years being confined mostly to plowing the rich wheat lands in the neighborhood of Paso Robles.

It might be timely here to give some consideration to the type of animal best suited to moving the heavy burdens of goods which our rapidly developing western civilization demanded. In addition to the moving of supplies and heavy machinery, needed early in the mining operations in the mountain areas of the Mother Lode and, later, the Comstock, there was in the West a rapidly expanding agriculture which early became a large scale project not only in the tilling of the soil but in the transportation of the products.

While the ox, or bull team, as it was often called, was usually able to start a bigger load per animal than the mule team, it was extremely slow, its speed being from a mile to, at best, a mile and a half per hour, as against two and a half or more miles per hour with a full load for a mule or horse team.

There was, and, perhaps there still remains among some of the old timers, a certain amount of difference of opinion as to the superiority of the mule over the horse, or vice versa. But, in general, where there was heavy work to be done over difficult terrain, the mule was frequently the favorite. On the large ranches, which had developed particularly in the central valleys of California, the heavy duties attendent upon tilling of the soil and harvesting of the crops were more frequently delegated to the horse, and a superior type of heavy draft animal was developed through careful breeding for this purpose. The mule has always required a bit of "understanding." Perhaps this is due somewhat to his rather low position in the animal social scale. The

mule is a hybrid resulting from a cross between the horse, usually on the dam's side, and the Jack, a descendent of the wild ass. The female offspring of this union is invariably sterile, so that continued production of this animal cannot result in a distinct breed. Since time immemorial, the lowly ass seems to have been looked upon as an object of ridicule; so the mule, because of his origin, has found it difficult to live down some of his heritage.

Some will recall the occasion on which one of our members of Congress, in a hot debate, attacked his bachelor adversary with somewhat these words: "The esteemed representative from the State of ——— reminds me of the Missouri mule, no pride of ancestry nor hope of posterity."

Regardless of these, to some, important shortcomings, the mule has, through the generations, not only endeared himself to the many who understood him but in certain ways has proven his superiority as a draft animal.

I asked Ed Bermingham what he thought of mules versus horses in a jerk line team and, while I can't quote him verbatim, what he had to say was something like this: "A mule is certainly as gentle as a horse and, if you treat him right, he'll do more for you and, weight for weight, he'll usually pull more than a horse. It doesn't take as much feed or as good feed to keep him in shape. When you turn him out all hot and sweaty after a day's work, instead of rolling over once or twice, the way a horse does, he'll roll over and over until he cleans himself, and his hair is so nice and short, it is much less trouble to get him ready in the morning when you want to hitch him up. Also, when he comes in hot, he uses some common sense and, where a horse will drink almost all the water in sight and founder himself, a mule will take just a little drink and then after he has cooled off, will go back for more and never founder."

Although I am sure this is apocryphal, I remember an old mule driver, with reference to the amount of feed a mule needs, saying enthusiastically, "Why when feed is scarce, my mules will live on poison oak and ferns and still keep fat."

A word about the Hame Bells or Team Bells which the Leaders wore. In the mountain country, they were an invariable part of the equipment of the old jerk line team. These little bells were made in Switzerland and were tuned in thirds, so as to create a musical chime. A steel bow, usually hammered out by a local blacksmith and made somewhat in the shape of a jew's harp, fitted into sockets on either hame. Mr. Gene Booth, one of the first citizens of Paso Robles, has perhaps one of the largest and finest collections of these bells. I quote from a short article he wrote about them:

"The bells were fastened on the hames of the leaders and served several purposes: first, they served the same purpose as the automobile horn does today. The constant ringing of the bells warned all smaller outfits that a big team was coming and allowed them to find a place to pass.

"Second, when a team became accustomed to the ringing of the bells, they worked or rather pulled together better. They would time their steps to the ringing of the bells. If a driver was asleep, as often happened, the Leaders slowed down so that the whole team would slow down with the slower and softer ringing. Let the driver throw a rock at the Leaders and as they stepped up, the entire team would again follow the faster and louder ringing.

"Good drivers, next to their teams, prized their bells the highest and never gave them up except by the "rule of the road" which was: if you

found a team stuck and you hooked on with team and helped him out, you were entitled to his bells and he had to let you take them. Many bells changed owners in this way for in those days roads were not so good and a wagon wheel could easily drop in a hole deep enough to stick the team."

It can easily be seen from the above that, when a teamster arrived in the next town minus his bells, he immediately lost face, which he might be a long time regaining.

Ed Bermingham has the original set of bells which he used throughout his teaming career and still they adorn the Leaders of his jerk line team. Many people have tried to buy these bells from Ed. Some time ago, an enterprising gentleman attempted to trade him a new set for these, which are almost worn out. There was no deal!

Ed told me recently, "I almost lost my bells years ago on the road to New Idria. One wheel of the wagon went off the road on a turn and, if I had kept on going, the whole outfit would have piled up in the canyon. A fellow came along and offered to pull me out. But I was stout in those days and I could lift pret' near anything on my back so, since my wagon was empty, I got down on my back underneath the rear axle and lifted the wagon back on the road with my feet and he didn't get my bells."

The number of these little bells attached to the bow varied somewhat according to the whim of the teamster or the designer. The number usually was four, and they hung down from the top arch of the bow, being securely bolted to it. Five, six or even eight bells were not uncommon, two or more occasionally being placed on the outside of the bow. Perhaps pride on the part of the teamster played some part in the arrangement and number of bells used, since one occasionally encountered a team whose bells had been polished until they shone like gold in the sunlight. And, now and then, a teamster used them, as J. S. Tuley of Lompoc did, on the first three pairs of mules. What a charming and friendly greeting came in measured cadence from these little bells to the traveller, through the stillness on a lonely mountain road.

Many of our California towns, like Topsy, "just growed" from the original Spanish or Mexican pueblos and while the land on which they were established had no great value at the time, traffic was so minimal as to make wide streets unnecessary. The saddle horses, which most everyone rode, the pack horses, the narrow carretas or even the carriages of that earlier day found ample room. But when the jerk line team appeared, these narrow streets presented one of the early traffic problems. In order to reverse his direction, a teamster with a long outfit found it necessary to go round an entire block.

My friend, Herb Beattie, of Lompoc, an old time jerk line driver, told me how it happened that Broadway, in Santa Maria, is perhaps the widest main street of any town on the coast. Santa Maria, of course, was laid out somewhat later than the earlier Spanish towns, and after the advent of the jerk line team. The "City Planners" at that time used as their guide for Broadway, that width in which an eight-mule team and two wagons could make a U-turn with ease. A skilled teamster, it is true, might carry out this maneuver with a considerably longer team and in a narrower street, as Ed Bermingham demonstrated on Spring Street in Paso Robles many years ago. Spring Street is eighty feet wide. The incident occurred at the time it was being proposed that some sort of pylon be set up in the center of one of

main intersections. A number of teamsters complained that this obstruction would make it difficult, or impossible, to make a U-turn with the teams then used to haul grain in that area. Ed was called upon for his opinion. He preferred to demonstrate, so, with fourteen mules and two wagons and, of course, his great skill and experience in handling such an outfit, he not only completed a U-turn, but came around full circle.

The pride of the skinner in his team was centered primarily upon the perfection of their training and their ability to execute the many maneuvers with a minimum of effort on his part, and to pull just a little bit heavier load than the next fellow's. However, in addition, many a skinner gave considerable attention to the appearance of his team. Not only did he pick animals well matched and of superior conformation, but he might even have their harnesses decorated with brightly shining, nickel-plated spots.

The manes of the mules were frequently carefully roached and the tails were clipped in a characteristic fashion, resembling a series of round brushes, one on top the other, and giving the general appearance of the peak of a Chinese pagoda. To many serious freighters, concerned primarily with the job at hand, this "foofaraw" had no place. It was, nevertheless, eye catching.

Harking back now to the truck and trailer which we spoke about in the beginning, how does it compare with the heavy freighting teams of bygone days? Speedwise, of course, the truck wins hands down—but we are in a much bigger hurry than people were fifty or seventy-five years ago. What about the load it carries?

Even with our modern, deeply paved, superhighways, the legal weight limit, although it varies somewhat in different states, is usually not greater than thirty-eight tons. Subtract from this the weight of the truck and trailer and the "pay load" amounts to some twenty-five or twenty-six tons. In the days of the jerk line team, the load per animal usually averaged one ton and often more, so that a team of twenty husky mules could account for about the same load which we see today in the truck. And this over roads well nigh impassable from our modern transportation facilities!

Those who have visited Furnace Creek in Death Valley have probably seen the exhibit of wagons used to haul borax out of the valley, and the "Twenty Mule Team Brand Borax" is on sale everywhere. When the company was first started, about 1881, it hired, as freighter, Charles Bennett, with his eight mule team, to haul borax from the Furnace Creek area. Later, a twelve mule team was added. When it was found that this team could haul twice as much as the original one, an idea was born: if twelve mules could haul twice as much as eight, then twenty mules in one team could haul a real load. Special wagons with heavy wheels and wide tires were designed and built with beds sixteen feet long, four feet wide, and six feet deep. A full load of a lead and trail wagon, plus a 1200 gallon water tank to supply the team in that almost waterless desert, weighed thirty-six and a half tons! The 165 mile haul to Mojave took ten days. This figures out to over one and three quarters tons per mule. Pictured on page 12 is one of these twenty mule borax teams.

As one travels from Saugus toward Mint Canyon on the way to Palmdale and Mojave, a section of the huge Los Angeles acqueduct can be seen coming down off the mountain and crossing the Santa Clara River. This acqueduct was built years ago to bring the water from far away Crowley Lake, on the Owens River some thirty-five miles north of Bishop, California, over

Twenty-mule borax team Furnace Cree

mountain and through desert to the thirsty San Fernando Valley. These massive sections of heavy steel conduit weighing many tons were all carried from the rail heads over deserts and rugged mountain terrain by jerk line team.

My friend Thomas Bard, a prominent engineer of Santa Barbara and a member of the distinguished Bard family of Ventura County gave the above information. Tom learned about jerk line teams first hand on the vast family ranches, and it is a joy to see his eyes light up as he recalls his experiences as a boy, driving one of their many splendid jerk line teams.

Much of my boyhood was spent in the mountain country of California, and, whether on horseback or in a spring wagon at a turnout on a mountain road, I watched with fascination as these heavy freighting outfits passed.

The teamster who guided these long strings of animals so skillfully became a sort of boyhood hero. It seemed for a time that my life's ambition

borax team Furnace Creek, Death Valley

was to climb into the saddle on the near Wheeler as master of a jerk line team. This ambition was realized in my teens on one unforgettable occasion in the San Joaquin Valley.

The skinner and I got up before dawn, fed and watered the mules, "cuffed them off," harnessed them and then went into the little ranch house for breakfast. The teamster was a kindly soul and, when I shyly told him what I had been dreaming about since I was a little boy, asked quietly, "Do you think you could handle them, son?" I said, "Sure." We finished our coffee, went outside, and I helped him hook them up. Then I climbed into the saddle, grabbed the jerk line and brake rope, "threw my rock," and with as big a voice as I could muster, yelled, "Babe, Prince, Geeeee-up" and we were off. I can still hear the rhythmic jingling of the bells as we started down the road.

St. Vincent School

by WILBERTA M. FINLEY

One hundred and two years have passed since the Daughters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul established the first school in Santa Barbara, which offered to the young ladies of the region an opportunity to obtain an education based upon English standards of learning. With the exception of the Old Mission, this school is the oldest charitable institution in Santa Barbara.

Aliens in a strange land, the first blue-robed Sisters arrived on our shores during Christmas-week, wading ashore on December 28, 1856, to be greeted by a friendly group of curious citizens assembled on the beach. This day marked the end of a long, arduous journey, which started at the Central House of the Order, in Emmitsburg, Maryland. By ship they had traveled to the Isthmus of Panama, which was crossed by mule-back. Here, one Sister was sadly left behind, having died from fever in the steaming jungles. A second ship carried the little band of women to San Francisco and, after a short rest, a third vessel brought them on to Santa Barbara.

Filled with their devotion to duty, they allowed themselves but a few days for rest at the home of the County Judge, Frank J. Maguire. On January 3, 1857, the Sisters selected a 3-acre site of government land, four miles west of the one-storied adobe village of Santa Barbara in an area known as Las Cieneguitas, paying for it on the spot. Work was started immediately upon the erection of the 3-room adobe school. The Sisters, meanwhile, made a temporary residence in the Aguirre Adobe on East Carrillo Street (Casa de Aguirre, built in 1842 by Don Jose Antonio Aguirre for his bride, Maria Estudillo, is presently occupied by the Little Town Club.)

To the small adobe school on the Sister's Ranch when it was finished, came their first charges,—orphaned Indian children from the various tribes scattered around the mountains and valleys,—these sent to the Sisters by the kindly Father James Villa. Eventually the day-school children began coming from the neighboring ranches and from the town. Still later, came young ladies from more distant ranches and communities.

In 1873, after 15 years of pioneering work so far from the Old Mission and from town—difficult, oft heartbreaking years—the Sisters decided to move to Santa Barbara. Property on the corner of De la Vina and Carrillo Streets was acquired, and early March of 1874 saw them settled in their new home. Their two-story brick building with glass windows was the first of its kind in Santa Barbara. All of its materials had been brought by boat from San Francisco. When, on March 16, 1874, it caught fire and, because there was not an adequate water supply to quench the flames, burned to the ground, the Sisters were filled with despair. Undaunted, they heavily mortgaged their Gieneguitas ranch and other properties and so raised funds with which to start to rebuild. With the assistance of a generous community and the monies sent from other Houses of the Daughters of Charity, a second building was ready for occupancy in November, 1874[1].

Among the early Sisters were many who left their mark upon this community. Sister Mary Polycarp O'Driscoll, the First Sister Servant (superior) at the time the block on De la Vina between Carrillo and Canon Perdido streets was purchased for a new building, was a woman of great presence and learning, who exerted a fine influence upon the young women under her care.

Sister Constance Donlon, resident Sister at the time of the transfer of the school from the ranch to the town, was a member of an old California family, and the aunt of Charles Donlon, a well-known citizen of Oxnard.

Another of this same period was Sister Exerista, who remained on the Cieneguitas Ranch with twelve orphaned girls. She cared for these children and for the Ranch for several years, riding into the town house once a week on horseback.

In connection with these pioneer Sisters who served Santa Barbara in the early days, mention should be made of two members of the Burke family who entered the Order of the Sisters of Charity: Sister Mary Emanuel, (aunt of the late Frank J. Maguire, and his brother, Harry F. Maguire), who, after a short stay at St. Vincent's in Santa Barbara, was sent to Los Angeles to help in the financing of the new Boyle Heights Orphanage. Sister Anastasia, a second Burke daughter, was in the Order but three and a half years, when she was sent as a nurse to the Spanish-American war. She contracted the prevalent fever and died on duty. Miss Margaret Burke, formerly on the faculty of the Santa Barbara State Teachers College, was a niece of these two dedicated Sisters.

Among the pioneer townspeople who were associated with the orphange[2] was Dr. James L. Ord. For many years he was the physician, counselor, and friend of the Institution.

Another who gave unsparingly of his time and talents was the late Dr. Samuel B. P. Knox, one of the Founders of the Santa Barbara Free Public Library and a brother of former Secretary of State Philander Chase Knox. He served the orphanage as physician, without pay, for a period of 25 years.

Through the kindness of First Sister Servant, Sister Regis, (who was transferred to Marillac Seminary, Normandy, Missouri in June 1957) and Sister Alix, who has served the Order in our local School for a number of years,—*Noticias* has the privilege of publishing for the first time, a list of young ladies who were in attendance from the years 1858 to 1879. This list may disclose one reason for the continued interest in the welfare of the school, as it contains the names of the daughters of many of the men who signed their names to the Petition[2].

REGISTER OF PUPILS AT ST. VINCENT'S SCHOOL

1858 - 1879

1858
Maria Donnelly
Maria J. Malo
Rufugio Ortega
Helena Hill
Maria Antonia Hill
Francesca Ormant
Francisca de la Guerra
Anta de la Guerra
Maria Ant Robbins
Concepcion Robbins
Flora Sparks
Rosa Sparks

Filipa Cota
Rosa Cota
Maria Anta Ortega
Maria Anta de la Guerra
Delfina Lugo
Sarah Carrillo
Maria Lugo
Refugio Lugo
Ramona Pico
Rafaela Salmon
Mary A. McCaffrey
Jane McCaffrey
Praxedes Cammarillo

Adelaide Cammarillo
Aldegunda Cammarillo
Maria Anta Latallaide
Laura Hinchman
Monica Higgins
Josephine Higgins
Virginia Arnaz
Catherine Hale
Adelaide Hill
Candalaria Villa
Ramona Malo
Maria Ormant
Caroline Jimeno

Isabel Robbles
Josepha Lopez
Mercedes Lugo
Francesca Romero

1859
Edwiges Burke
Vibiana Wallace
Isabella Place
Ramona Valencia
Josefa O'Brien
Rafaela Ortega
Barbara Raeger
Manuela Pico
Susanna Pico

1860
Dolores Varela
Kate Ryan
Tomasa Cordero
Carmela Cordero

1861
Phebe Bames
Ellen Bames
Clara Pico
Ramona Place
Jane Dittman
Andrea Silva
Isadora O'Brien
Felipa Castro
Vibiana Castro
Clotilde Luzraga
Maria Anta Ortega
Ramona Martinez
Mary J. Nagle
Mary Quinn

1862
Maria de los Angeles Malo
Concepcion Malo
Mathilda Diablan
Isabel Drown
Nicolasa Rodriguez
Mathilda Olivas
Facunda Olivas
Martha More
Lucretia Hill
Refugio Quinones

1863
Adelina Tournel
Maria Domaleche

1864
Maggie Maguire
Anita Williams
Kate Magnant
Adalaide Botiller
Louise Botiller
Adelaide Larry
Lugarda Cordero
Symphorosa Lugo
Refugio Valencia
Carlota Silva
Mary Hearne
Cristina Cota
Ramona Pico
Manuela Feliz
Clara Ruiz
Maria de los Angeles
Caroline Badilla

1865
Ellen Streeter
Vicente Servantes
Rafaela Ruiz
Micaela Frank
Julia McNamee
Maria Guadaloupe
Fannie Bishop

1866
Maria de los Angeles
Ellen McNamara
Maria Cordero
Ellen Botiller
Ramona Camillo
Vibiana Servantes
Isabella Maguire
Josefa Kays

1867
Martha Streeter
Reyes Malo
Josefa Malo

1868
Caroline Urives
Guadaloupe Herrara
Caroline Bowen
Timsey Pierson
Ida Pierson
Josephine Ayers
Mary Pierson
Josefa Orella
Juana Orella
Susan Coyle
Susan Young

1869
Mary Den
Rosa Den
Susan Den
Andrea Servano
Mary E. Kelly
Lizzie Kelly
Kate Coyle
Mary Coyle
Bridget Coyle
Bessie McCaffrey
Ascension Dalidet
Josephine Pollard
Ellen Pollard
Adelina Foxen
Frances Cammarillo
Madeleine Camarillo
Arcadia Camarillo
Mathilda Foxen

1870
Louisa Branch
Mary Williams
Virginia Lopez
Margaret Moore
Annie Moore

1871
Maria Carmen Arellanes
Carrie Peury
Frances Caballero
Anita Caballero
Librada Feliz
Dora McDougal
Teresa Garcia
Rebecca Ord
Anita Freeman

1872
Petra Mascarel
Manuela Ortega
Josefa Ortega
Simona Cordero
Augustias Hammond
Incarnacion Leyva
Refugio Leyva
Josefa Maguire
Dolores Viareal
Anita Hartnell
Katie Gately
Sofia de la Cuesta
Micaela de la Cuesta
Caroline Bowen
Maria Romero
Ampara Arnaz
Adel Arnaz
Ventura Arnaz
Edwijes Reyes
Gertrudio Gutierrez

1873
Rosa de la Guerra
Herlinda de la Guerra
Delfina de la Guerra
Herminia de la Guerra
Harriet Orr
Maudie Brown
Felicidad Abadie
Ascension Aladel
Addie Fugler
Julia Dryden
Sarah Bowen
Josefa Leyva
Facunda Bowen
Vibiana Leyva
Clara Wilbum
Ellen Henefy
Eliza McGuirk
Mary McGuirk
Maggie Henning
Isabella Roco
Jovita Roco
Ellen McGuire
Florence Greer

Georgiana Armstrong
Adelina Graham
Mary de la Guerra
Stella de la Guerra
Rosa Orr
Concepcion Williams

1874
Clotilda Turmullen
Josefa Torres
Dolores Robles
Micaela Robles
Ida Jones
Emma Jones
Eloisa de Fontan
Hortensia de Fontan
Elizabeth Woodis
Mary Jane Woodis
Eliza Pico
Juana Pico
Katie Dement
Isabel Massini
Julia Somers
Mary Sanchez
Teresa Ahern
Mary Vialoe
Ella Woodworth
Lillie Woodworth
Mary Pleasant

1875
Mary Pico
Mary Davis
Lucretia Pico
Alice Crawford
Clotilda Pene
Louisa Pene
Josefina Pene
Mary Jane Page
Nellie Page
Josefina Graves
Lucy Graves
Olimpia de la Guerra
Agnes White
Florence Ransom
Lucinda Shaw
Ellen Shaw
Anita Orena
Ma. Anta Valenzuela
Hattie Glass
Mary Glass
Mary Willimans
Amelia Millhouse
Neomi Copeland
Mary Borchard
Rachel Valenzuela
Rosie Casebeer
Arcadia Rodriguez
Lizzie Moore
Rhoda Call
Rosa Bonia
Josefa Ayala
Incarnacion Valenzuela
Jessie Porter
Sarah McClister
Mary Petrie

1876
Gertrude Valenzuela
Micaela Valenzuela
Mary Lewis
Rafaela Badilla
Carmen Badilla
Teresa Ortez
Eulalia Buelna
Katie Dempsey
Mary Maguire
Mary Noriega
Manuela Carrillo
Albertina Semenza
Carmelite de la Guerra
Mary Foxen
Etephana Foxen
Blanca Ruiz
Soraida Espinosa
Teresa Garcia
Rosa Burton
Felipa Valenzuela
Martina Espinosa
Henry Whitsted
Florence Whitsted
Flora Williams
Maggie Williams
Delfina Estrada
Edwarda Cordero

1877
Annie Kullak
Gracie Worthington
Nellie Holland·
Incarnacion Leyva
Mary Hill
Rafaela Hill
Nellie Hurley
Josefa Cardona
Dolores Cardona
Juana Cardona
Louisa Rudolf
Graciella Hartnell
Louisa Stoud
Serena Orena
Hester Crawford
Mary Christoph
Anita Tompkins

1878
Lizzie Cooney
Elvira Olivas
Mary Bishop
Rose O'Brien
Virginia Barios
Ella McKeon
Margaret McKeon
Dominga Escarziga
Manuela Cordero
Lillie Scott
Ascencion Gonzales
Indelicia Gonzales
Mary Lewis
Della Greer
Bridget Burke
Aggie Coleman
Lucretia de la Cuesta
Genevieve Pensinger

1879
Lillie Averill
Annie Hope
Maggie Megan
Andrea Cordera
Incarnacion Cordera
Ninfa Ovieda
Agusta Stone
Alice Somers
Martha Somers
Ida Butterfield
Trinidad Juarez
Modesta Massini
Stella Massini
Anita Pico
Mary Keep
Annie Keep
Diana de la Guerra
Jennie Dougherty
Amelia Tourne
Anna Wall
Mercedes Rodriguez
Carrie Kieffer
Sarah Wickenden
Josefa Cota
Katie Donovan

In the fall of 1955, plans were being laid for the Centennial celebration of the founding of the Order of St. Vincent de Paul in Los Angeles (January 6, 1856) and Santa Barbara (January 3, 1857). A souvenir booklet was to be printed containing the history of each of their Institutions with illustrations of the various schools or hospitals. Unable to locate a photograph of the original adobe, the Sisters made a plea to the community, through the Santa Barbara News-Press special writer, Leonard Swanson, who writes a

Original Las Cieneguitas Ranch adobe

column called "Como Se Va". Despite this effort, no one could locate any old pictures of this structure. The Sisters at last found a very tiny reproduction in their scrapbook, from which an ink drawing was made for use in the Centennial booklet. (See NOTICIAS for October-December 1956). Many months later, one of the Sisters was looking for art material for her class, in a little-used cupboard. A piece of cardboard, lying face-down, was lifted,—and there, at long-last, was the missing photograph of the original adobe school!

The photo shows the badly deteriorated structure just prior to being torn down, with the walls of the present building under construction in the background. The cornerstone for this new school was laid on March 16, 1924, and in November of the same year, the Orphanage was moved into its new home on Hollister Avenue, on the exact spot where seventy years before, a small band of Sisters had faced hardships and uncertainties to erect their first 3-room school.

In taking the Orphange back to Las Cieneguitas Ranch, as has been done, St. Vincent's had simply rounded the circle of progress, for the isolation that drove the institution into the town has now been annihilated by the

automobile and the telephone, both of which bring to the children all the benefits of the city, while they actually enjoy the wholesome happy blessings of the country.

The character of the School has also been changed, in more recent years, for it is no longer an orphanage, but is devoted to a training program for children who are backward in school work. It was opened, in 1936, to girls from 5 to 18 years of age who could not benefit from regular school but were able to profit by instruction. The educational program follows specialized techniques for training exceptional children, and is geared to the capabilities and needs of the slow-learning girl.

The School is licensed for 175 girls, and this capacity is usually filled, while there is generally a waiting list for admittance. The School staff is comprised of 16 Sisters and 29 lay employees. Sister Mercedes, formerly at St. Elizabeth's Home, in New Orleans, La., is the present superior of the School, having been appointed to fill this responsible position in August, 1957.

REFERENCES

1. When this structure, again outgrown, was sold to the Knights of Columbus in the Spring of 1924, the old Orphanage cornerstone was opened. Examination of the contents revealed the following interesting data:

"St. Vincent's School and Orphan Asylum, established at Santa Barbara, January 3, 1857 by the Daughters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul.

Dignitaries of Church and State

"His Holiness, Pope Pius IX
"His Grace, Most Rev. J. T. Alemany, Archbishop
"His Lordship, Rt. Rev. F. Amat, Bishop
"His Lordship, Rt. Rev. F. Moss, Coadjutor

Superiors of the Order

"Superior General of Daughters of Charity, Most Rev. J. Ettiene
"Superioress of the Daughters of Charity, Mother Louise Lequette
"Visitatrix of Province U.S. for Daughters of Charity, the Very Rev. Pastor of Santa Barbara, Rev. J. Villa

Sisters in Residence at St. Vincent's, Santa Barbara

"1st Sister Servant, Santa Barbara, Sister Melanie Malone
"2nd Sister Servant, Santa Barbara, Sister M. Polycarp O'Driscoll
"Sister Andrea Gibbs
"Sister Vincent Halligan
"Sister Everista Flynn
"Sister Constantia Donlon
"Sister Agatha Quintero
"Sister Lucia Coleman

Executives of Nation, State, County and City

"President of U.S. of America,—Hon. Ulysses Grant
"Governor of California,—Hon. N. Booth
"Mayor of Santa Barbara,—Hon. Mortimer Cook
"District Judge of Santa Barbara,—Hon. A. Murray
"County Judge of Santa Barbara,—Hon. F. J. Maguire

Builders

"Architects of Building,—A. Marquis, Esq.
"Contractor of Building,—D. Jordan, Esq.
"Foreman of Masons,—C. Riordan, Esq.
"Foreman of Carpenters,—J. J. Mahoney, Esq.

(See Page 20)

The Morning Press
Established 1863
Santa Barbara, Calif., June 29th, 1925

5 S.B. DEAD
S.F. & L.A. SAFE

Santa Barbara's earthquake was purely local, according to first telephone reports received by the Santa Barbara telephone Company.

On a split circuit, telephone orficials received word by relays through Santa Maria and San Luis Ibispo that San Francisco and Los Angeles escaped.

Little damage was done in San Luis Obispo Santa Maria, Ventura or any surrounding towns.

J. A. Sloan, agent for the Southern Pacific, received similar reports by telegraph. His reports were that the railroad was not damaged north of Gaviota but that two pater trains were down south of Santa Barbara. No damage was done north of Gaviota or south of Carpinteria, he was told.

In Santa Barbara the death list is small considering the tremendous property damage

Dr. James Angle is reported beneath the wreckage of the San Marcos building.

Mrs. Chas. Perkins, an inmate of the Arlington, widow of the former president of the Burlington railroad, is another victim, caught when a portion of the hotel fell.

William Mathews and two unidentifiedMexicans died at the Cottage hosbital from injuries. No patients were hurt in either the Cottage or St. Francis hospitals, but the latter building was badly damaged.

Scarcely a building in Santa Barbara escaped damage, ranging from complete wreckage to partial damage.

State street business houses were a mass of wreckage as citizens turned out immediately following the quake, which occurred at 6:50 and caught many asleep.

The old Sheffiel reservoir broke and flooded Milpas street and the beach drive.

Lieut. H. Kiler commanding the naval militia, took charge of the situation on State street with the police, and soon cleared the damaged region of citizens who had poured into it after the shocks.

Owing to breaking of water mains, water had to be cut off.

Gas and electric light and power were cut off all over the city because of the broken mains and damaged wires.

Bankers of Santa Barbara met this morning and will meet again this afternoon at five, to arrange for reopening as soon as possible.

The council will meet immediately to declare necessary emergency ordinances.

Just how serious the damage is to telephone and light wires and to gas and water mains is not known. No word has been received from Gibraltar Dam, the source of the city's water supply.

Postmaster Rickard commandeered a garage near the depot for distribution despatch of mail.

The quake brought down an earth slide on the railroad north of Santa Barbara and also twisted the track in places but did no damage north of Gaviota.

First Earthquake Edition of The Morning Press

NOTICIAS

QUARTERLY BULLETIN OF THE
SANTA BARBARA HISTORICAL SOCIETY
MAILING ADDRESS: OLD MISSION, SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA

The Major Earthquakes of California

A HISTORICAL SUMMARY*

By V. L. VanderHoof

That portion of the earth's crust that has come to be known as California has been experiencing earthquakes since the beginning of time. In some periods in the geologic past, earthquakes were less frequent than at others. It may be that we are now living at a time of greater frequency, for it is likely that we are still witnessing mountain building of the episode which geologists call the Coast Range Revolution.

California (and the whole Pacific Coast) is part of one of the great mobile belts of the earth, and relative turbulence and instability of the crustal rocks are characteristics only too plain during a major shock. It must be understood that this turbulence and instability causes changes in the landscape scarcely noticeable during the life span of a human being—probably less than effects produced by other concurrent geologic agents, such as erosion, volcanism and atmospheric circulation.

But the enormous forces (vastly greater than man-made nuclear explosions) released by a major earthquake do manifest themselves suddenly and the changes they often produce on the earth's surface are immediately apparent. This catastrophic aspect is seen in a few other geologic phenomena, notable volcanoes and landslides, and all have terrified man throughout the ages.

Much as science considers and evaluates earthquakes as normal, natural phenomena capable of being recorded instrumentally with great precision, it is vitally necessary to consider them as another burden, when destructive, that man has to bear during his brief tenancy of the planet Earth. Literate people no longer impute supernatural causes to quakes, nor do they regard them as some part of penance imposed for group sin. Rather they are looked upon as recurrent hazards, like fire and hurricanes, to be considered when a house is to be built. For after all, it is *man's* house that is shaken down. Lest we forget, he is the only earth inhabitant that constructs devices that unemotionally record the character of the quakes, and it is he that writes about them.

Scales of intensity reflect man's interest in what happens to him or his works: "destructive, generally felt, fall of chimneys," and the like are phrases

*Bulletin No. 171, 1955, Division of Mines, Ferry Building, San Francisco.

useful in assessing the size of an earthquake where no instruments are located. But if we view quakes as a natural phenomenon, they are not destructive in the total sense; they merely cause a rearrangement, in a greater or lesser degree, of certain components of the earth's crust, whether bricks, bric-a-brac, soil or bedrock.

In writing the history of an earthquake . . . seismologists rely primarily on seismographic data to evaluate the fundamental nature of the shock, but it is very necessary to have also the testimony of the eye (or sense) witnesses who are at or near areas of greatest intensity. For it is they who can describe the effects on the works of man, something the instruments cannot do. But in comparing numerous accounts of witnesses to the same event, we at once notice that there is disagreement over major and minor details, as one would expect. This "phenomenon of uncertainty" is augmented in witnesses of an earthquake because the witnesses' sense organs *are affected at the same time by his environment.* People, like structures, are affected differently, but nonetheless, the net impression is relative, not absolute.

Man's works are likewise affected according to their orientation and hence a witness is bound to be influenced by the behavior, during a quake, of any building he is in or near. One can not help conjecturing that a person standing on a featureless plain would give a better account of an earthquake than one in a city! Professor Branner of Stanford University once looked into a phase of this matter and wrote an account which he entitled "The untrustworthiness of personal impression of direction of vibrations in earthquakes". Branner pointed out that "my observations of things overthrown lead me to attach very little or no importance to the direction in which they fall. In the California Earthquake of 1906, a vast amount of data was collected on this subject. Statues, monuments in cemeteries, chimneys and loose and unstable objects generally, were thrown in every conceivable direction. The direction in which some fell was determined much more frequently by some accident of mounting, such as the shape of the base, than by the direction of any particular earthquake waves." And Branner concludes his account with this: "Instrumental records show that the directions are many and the movements complex . . ."

In the 184 years since the first human record of an earth shock in California there have been about 5,000 feeble quakes each year in the California-Nevada area, or about 2½ percent of those felt in the United States. Twelve hundred were felt per year in Southern California, or about one-half of 1 percent of the world's quakes. This means that there is an earthquake of sufficient intensity to be felt by a person somewhere in the California-Nevada area every hour and forty-five minutes, on an average, year in and year out. But of the 920,000 feelable earthquakes since the first record, only 43 can be classified as major shocks with a Rossi-Forel intensity of VII+ or greater. The incident of major shocks averages only one every 4.3 years, which may offer some comfort to some.

The Santa Barbara Earthquake: Nearly destroyed business district, especially poorly constructed buildings on made land in lower State Street. Felt from Watsonville through Mojave to Santa Ana. Total area affected at least 100,000 square miles. Recorded throughout the world and had an unusual number of aftershocks. Possible epicenters were Mesa Fault (submarine extension) and quickly triggered Santa Ynez Fault, according to Bailey Willis. Not a great shock, but of high intensity at a thickly populated area, resulting in several deaths.

The Earthquake of 1925 at Santa Barbara and Its Effect on the Old Mission

By Father Augustine Hobrecht, O.F.M.

Violent disturbances on the face of the earth in some instances can be anticipated, and sometimes early enough to allow inhabitants in a given area to seek safety in flight. Such is now frequently the case at the time of hurricanes. In regard to earthquakes, however, previous warnings, if at all possible, are usually of no avail. Temblors strike suddenly at any period of the year. In certain areas these subterranean convulsions occur frequently enough and because of well known underground formations called faultlines. In California during the past fifty years the writer of these lines can remember several major earthquakes: in the San Francisco area in 1906, in Los Angeles county in 1932, at Bakersfield in 1952.

Best remembered, however, is that violent shock of June 29, 1925, centered in Santa Barbara, where I was on the spot, and of which my memory can recall many details, some of which might be interesting, at least to those people who shared the experience with me.

My attention was first called to the city of Santa Barbara when I was fourteen years old, in a letter I then received from my eldest brother, who had traveled widely in the western part of the United States and in Mexico. These few lines in that letter I shall never forget. At the time, in 1904, I was a student for the Franciscan priesthood at St. Joseph's Seminary in a very small town in Illinois. The letter from my brother Joe contained the following lines: "I have just passed through the city of Santa Barbara, where the Franciscans have been stationed for many years. It is without question the most beautiful town I have ever visited. To me it appeared that angels had flown over this area and had dropped the city between the mountains and the hills".

Less than two years later, in the fall of 1905, my family had moved to California and left me behind in the hope that I would finish my prep-college education in the mid-west. The rector of the seminary, when I approached him for a transfer to St. Anthony's Seminary in Santa Barbara, held out quite firmly against my wish. This wish, however, hardened into determination, and, with the help of a member of the faculty, became a reality. Before Christmas of 1905 I was in San Francisco at our new home, and in January of 1906 I was in Santa Barbara to continue my studies at St. Anthony's Seminary. Ten years later, after finishing my studies in three different places, I returned to Santa Barbara, taught for four years at St. Anthony's Seminary; in 1920 I was transferred to the Old Mission, where I taught in the major seminary until 1925. Meanwhile in 1923 I had been put in charge of the Old Mission with the title of Guardian, our official designation for a local superior in our larger houses.

The earthquake occurred at exactly 6:40 in the morning of June 29th, 1925. The summer vacation had already begun, which accounted for the absence of all members of the faculty except myself. Besides the student friars and the lay brothers, there were only two elderly priests with me at home. At 6 o'clock that morning I had gone to the organ loft of the Old

Mission church to join the student choir in singing for the solemn high Mass for the feast of Sts. Peter and Paul.

And then it happened. Besides the organist, then a student friar, Cornelius Snyder, only two old lay brothers were with me in the organ loft. The choir members had gone down to the sanctuary of the church to receive Holy Communion. Before these young men left, I remember well telling them that there would be no need for them to return since the Mass was nearly ended and what remained to be sung by the choir could be taken care of by Fr. Cornelius and myself. But there was to be no more singing that morning. While I was standing close to the console of the organ, suddenly I felt a violent jolt that seemed to come from the very depths; then the Old Mission church began to sway with a crunching sound. Soon after, several large statues were catapulted from their pedestals; one of the statues was headed directly towards Father Raphael Vander Haar, who had celebrated the Mass and was now running from the sanctuary. I can still see part of his chasuble (vestment worn at Mass) floating in the air. At that very moment Brother Michael Lamm, who served for many years as tourist guide at the Old Mission, saw in a flash the statue was on the way down and quickly drew Father Raphael aside, while the large wooden statue landed on the floor of the sanctuary. The large silver crown from the head of the figure of Our Blessed Mother Mary rolled away unharmed.

A moment after the first violent shock I remember almost shouting to Father Cornelius at the console: "This is an earthquake; but let us stay here." When, after a brief interval the quake increased in violence, more things began to fall and the noise became deafening, I spoke once again, this time in a louder voice: "This is a big one; but let us not run." And now, as the some fifteen people in the nave of the church began to rush for the door, I warned them in the words: "Don't go out; the towers are crumbling."

When the quake had subsided, as it did for about five minutes, I said to Father Cornelius: "Now let's go." The door to the choir loft would not budge; it was jammed. Only after both of us had charged several times on the run did the heavy door yield suddenly. How fortunate we were not to have run immediately we discovered when, after emerging into the upstairs corridor, we found our passage blocked by large stones that had fallen from the tower above, and the air filled with dust so thick, we could see only a few feet ahead. Both of us quickly returned to the two aged brothers that were with us in the organ loft, took hold of them and half carried half dragged them with us over the rubble of rock that covered the stairs down to the second story level of the corridor in the living quarters of the Old Mission. We halted for a moment to decide what direction to follow now. Father Cornelius suggested entering one of the rooms on the west side, and then quickly kicked open the light door leading to the room of Father Zepherin Engelhardt, the well known historian of the California Missions. "We can jump from the roof of the outside corridor," he shouted, and dragging Brother Oderic with him, he disappeared. Meanwhile I had lost touch with Brother Firmus, whom I was trying to rescue, and as I took a few steps forward, I found myself plunging downward in what appeared to be just a black hole. This is it, I thought, as I disappeared through the heavy dust. When I landed below and began groping about I found that Brother Firmus had fallen ahead of me. He began to whimper; and then I heard him ask me to give the last absolution, which in this immediate danger of death I

could give without a confession on his part. As I raised my hand to comply with his wish, suddenly a ray of light streamed through a window, and now I knew we had fallen to the ground floor of the building.

In a flash I had the good old brother in my arms; half dragged and half carried him to the out-doors. As we passed under the bell tower, half of which had already fallen, I could see one of the bells hanging from one of the beams that was still clinging to one side of the tower opening, and at that moment the earth trembled again, enough to toll the bell, as if in mourning.

But we were now outside in safety; and behold! there were about fifteen people in front of me, standing at a distance of some hundred feet from the shattered towers. Although I had shouted to them before I left the choir loft not to leave the church; they had taken advantage of the short interval between the second and third quake to rush into the open. I asked them if all people had left the church and if anyone had been hurt. They told me quickly that all were safe. And now I began to think of the community of priests and brothers and ran with all the speed I could make, with one leg slightly limping, through the main door of the reception room to the quadrangle, which goes by the name of the *Sacred Garden*. The friars were huddled in a group around the fountain. "Anybody missing?", I shouted. After a rapid survey I was told that only one old and infirm brother, Erasmus by name, was still inside, up in the sick-room. I was up there in a jiffy and discovered the ailing octogenarian still in bed, but badly frightened, as he tried to get out from under a mess of plaster that had fallen on him from the ceiling and walls. After a hurried attempt to clear the angry dust from his face, I rushed to my room, remembering that someone previously had given me a bottle for medicinal purposes and still unopened. My office was really a mess: books were scattered all over the room and plaster dust over everything. In my bedroom there were bits of glass scattered over the floor, all from a dome-shaped glass covering that had sheltered a beautiful marble statue of Our Lady. My keys were still in my pocket, one of which I needed to open my wardrobe. The medicinal bottle of rare content was still unopened and it took a little time to find the correct opener. A small glass was still there unbroken; it was quickly filled, and with it I rushed over to the infirmary. Even as I poured the contents down the throat of the sick brother, he appeared revived. From there I ran out to the veranda and called for four strong men to carry the sick man to outside safety. Later in the day I succeeded in getting an ambulance. Brother Erasmus was taken to the hospital in Oxnard, where he died peacefully nine days later.

Then followed other emergencies to meet. A friar from St. Anthony's Seminary came running with the message that John Shea, a layman in residence over there, a gardener, was dying from severe contusions. Our little sacristant brother was in the neighborhood, with a satchel in his hand, the sick-call outfit. I remember grabbing it quickly on the run as I ran several hundred yards over to the road in front of the study-hall of the seminary. It took only a short minute to administer the last rites to poor John, whose head was a mass of blood with a lacerated scalp and his right arm severely crushed. A few gasps and then he breathed his last.

Scarcely had we finished a few prayers uttered by a little group of friars who knelt there in the dust, when a car drove up. A newly-wed wife was at the wheel, her husband spread out on the rear seat and in great pain. We

knew these people, Young by name. And soon we had the story: the husband had jumped from the second story of Hotel Barbara, landed on the hard pavement, still lucky enough to show only one foot rather mangled and still bleeding. Brother Michael Lamm, for years cicerone at the Old Mission, joined hands with me as we carried the now cheerful cripple back to the Old Mission for first aid.

That done, I made a quick survey of all the buildings in my own back yard and after gathering the entire community around me, gave orders to stay out of all the front wing and the church. The front wall along the venerable old corridor was already leaning heavily outward and, as I thought, could easily have fallen with additional shocks. Later we brought out beds from enough rooms to house the community. And from then on for several weeks we slept out under the trees in the lower garden away from the buildings. Meanwhile a considerable number of people from the neighborhood had gathered to find out what had happened to us. After assuring these friends that there were no casualties at the Old Mission, I was told by someone that Gibraltar Dam had gone out. That gave me a scare; and after begging for a ride, since we had no car at the time, I asked to be taken to the city hall. I wanted to see City Manager Herbert Nunn, if possible, to find out what the water situation might be. A large crowd of people had gathered along De la Guerra street. Yes, they told me, Mr. Nunn was in that crowd. I edged up to him and in a whisper asked about Gibraltar Dam, telling him that I was told the dam had gone out. He quickly reassured me and then asked me to tell him what had happened at the Old Mission. He expressed his sympathy and offered to help us in any way he could.

After a few words with others in the crowd, and after I had run over to State Street for a quick look at the several miles of rubble that littered our main thoroughfare, I returned to the city hall, where I was told, an outside desk had been set up by Western Union for those who wished to send telegrams. In a jiffy I had my turn at the desk and began to write messages: to Franciscan headquarters in San Francisco, to the governor of the state in Sacramento, Stevens, I believe, to Mayor James Rolph at San Francisco, to my relatives and others. Before I finished my sheaf of Western Union forms it was a formidable stack. These messages were flown to Los Angeles for sending: wires north and south of Santa Barbara were down, the telegram office on State street was a shambles.

It was now late on Monday morning and I kept on thinking that I was supposed to be on my way to Oakland, California, where our so-called triennial Chapter was to be called on Tuesday. In my telegram to headquarters I had stressed the fact that I could not leave my community at the Old Mission. But late that day I received word that a car was on the way with two padres, one who would take care of the community, the other would return with me to Oakland, where, they said, it was important that I report on the extent of damage at the Old Mission and at the Seminary.

Meanwhile that fateful Monday, June 29th, was not yet over. Towards evening we had gathered enough mattresses and blankets for our new dormitory, which was spread out over the lawns, hand-ball and tennis courts in the recreation area south of the Old Mission. And then came one of those fine and courteous touches, several of which occurred during the hectic days that followed. After several trips down town for the purpose of getting news by telegram from headquarters and relatives, I returned home very late,

close to midnight. As I approached the new dormitory, one of the students arose from his mattress, showed me the bed under the pepper tree, which was mine, he said. And then he whispered to me that there was medicine under my pillow; it had been brought an hour or two before by Mr. Frank Price. He thought I might need a drop for tangled nerves.

The next day, after a pal of mine, Father Ignatius Ganster, had brought my substitute superior, Father Ildephonse Moser, to care for the community in my absence, I packed a little bag, and before the day was over we were on our way to Oakland. Our conveyance was a primitive Cadillac, borrowed for the occasion; with the gas pedal down to the floor-board, we could get about fifty miles per hour on the level. After a brief rest at San Luis Obispo, we pushed on to Oakland and arrived there about ten o'clock Wednesday morning. It was now July 1 as we crossed San Francisco Bay on a ferry boat.

As soon as I entered the friary at 1500 34th Ave., I was surrounded by an anxious group of Franciscans, who wanted to know all about it. I told my story briefly, and then went to pieces, trembling from head to foot as I had never done before or since. Soon all voters, including myself, entered the Franciscan conclave for a round of ballots to elect a Provincial Superior and his cabinet. I voted for a loser; but three years later he was elected for three successive terms. My hand still trembled as I wrote my choice on three or four ballots.

Heroic Action of Henry Ketz

By Russell A. Ruiz

Mr. Henry Ketz had arrived on the job earlier than usual on the day of the quake. His wife, Wilhelmina, had prepared his breakfast early that morning and had sent him on to work at the Southern Counties Gas Co., where he was chief engineer. And so it happened that he was on duty when the first shock came. The building shuddered and seemed to lift off of it's foundation. The earthquake was so intense that he knew great damage must have been done to the city and that many gas mains probably were broken. He immediately raced for the emergency valve to shut off the gas supply for Santa Barbara and Montecito. Between Henry Ketz and the valve was a large room filled with dangerously swaying machinery and falling plaster and bricks. He stumbled and fell several times before he finally reached and turned off the emergency valve, which intelligent action prevented the broken gas mains from leaking enough gas to repeat the fire disaster that followed the San Francisco earthquake. Later, he and a crew of fifty men worked overtime to check the safety of individual gas lines of Santa Barbara homes. He received a silver service from the grateful city of Santa Barbara for his brave action. He also received a gold medal from the American Gas Association, and a gold watch from the Southern Counties Gas Company. These were presented "in appreciation of his devotion to duty the morning of June 29, 1925 in the Santa Barbara earthquake."

The Earthquake

A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE

By EDWARD S. SPAULDING

Mr. Warwick Carpenter had invited me to drive with him down to the Conejo Ranch, where his son was in a Y.M.C.A. Summer Camp; and so it happened that I was on the highway a mile or two this side of Carpinteria when, in the early morning, the quake hit the area suddenly and wholly unexpectedly.

My first sensation, when the first of the quakes struck, was one of swaying; and I supposed that a rear tire suddenly had gone flat. The swaying was so extreme, however, that it seemed to me that both rear tires must have become deflated at the same time. Then I heard, or became conscious of, a strange, metallic clicking. Looking to the side of the road to discover what this noise might come from, I saw that the telephone poles on either side of the highway were strangely, unaccountably agitated, that they were swaying widely sidewards almost as though they were made of guttapercha and not of wood. The clicking noise was being made by the wires as they, too, swung widely from side to side and continually struck one another.

Mr. Carpenter stopped the swaying car at once, of course; and as we descended to the pavement and stood there wonderingly, the second of the two major shocks passed under our feet. It, too, was strong.

A man in a car came toward us. Seeing us standing on the pavement at the side of the highway, he stopped his car and joined us. He was a tall, slender man, who was very much agitated. I noticed that he was pulling on his cigarette so hard that the coal at its tip was a bright red and the whole seemed to be on the point of bursting into flame.

"What in hell is going on?" he cried, more as an exclamation than as a question.

"It is an earthquake," said Mr. Carpenter with commendable composure.

We looked about us and took stock of the situation. The telephone poles no longer were swaying as they had been doing when I first noticed them. Then another quake passed under us. Then another one! When the next one came, we were expecting it, with our eyes on the hills to the north of us. We heard it coming. Then it passed under us and was gone.

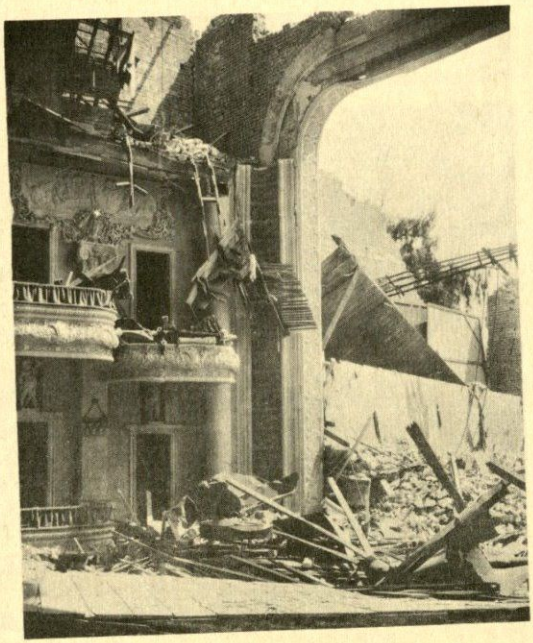
The long, thin man, with a new cigarette between his lips by this time, followed the quake with his eyes as it came to us from the hills, passed under our feet, and then disappeared out to sea.

"I want to tell you, that's a hell of an earthquake!", he muttered to no one in particular.

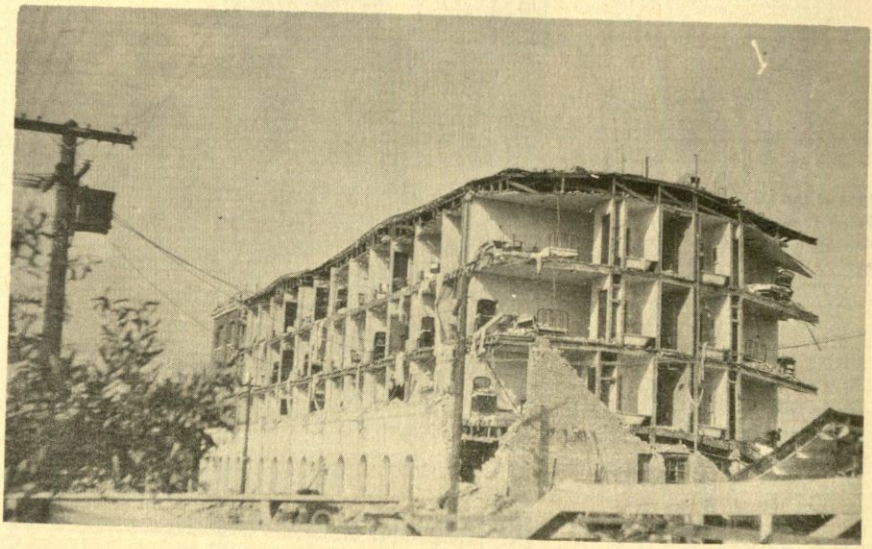
And as each following shock, and there were many of them, passed under us, he made the same, muttered exclamation: "I want to tell you, that's a hell of an earthquake!"

Mr. Carpenter and I started the car and drove on to Carpinteria. We found that community in the wildest excitement. There was some damage visible, but not much, nothing to compare with the damage we found when we returned to Santa Barbara.

View of the old Potter Theater, with demolition just under way.



Catholic Church, State and Figueroa Streets. Note frame parish house, intact.



Californian Hotel

San Marcos Building

On our return to our own community, our difficulties began before we reached the center of the city. Arriving at the outskirts, we tried the approach that runs over the foothills; but we found that it was blocked to automobiles by rents in the pavement too wide and too rough to be crossed. The so-called "back way", which now lies to the north of the municipal tennis courts, also was closed to us. The West Boulevard we found to be passable, but only just so. We certainly would not have attempted to force our way over it had it not been for the necessity of reaching our homes as quickly as possible.

When we drove by the Bird Refuge, at Booth's Point, we saw that it had been washed out; and we guessed that this had been done by waters that had been stored in Sheffield Reservoir. It seemed obvious that the quakes had broken the Sheffield Dam and, by so doing, had released the water of Sheffield Lake.

State Street, when we came to it, seemed to be blocked with debris throughout its entire length. The south wall of the Californian Hotel lay as a pile of rubble. All of the rooms on that side of the hotel were open to view, having the appearance of a set on the stage of a theater into which the audience can look and see the action taking place in each room. In this case, however, all the actors had left their rooms and now were milling about on the street in every degree of deshabille.

Looking along the cross streets as we passed them on our way up Chapala Street, we saw much of the ruin on State Street. The Potter Theater was a pile of rubbish. The Arlington Hotel was a fearful sight. It was obvious that not all the guests there had escaped with their lives. Going by the Old Mission, we saw that the west wing still was standing, but the eastern face of the church proper appeared as dust and clods and chunks of stone. It had much the appearance of "Jerusalem destroyed", to use the picturesque words of a priest who described the destruction of Purisima Mission in 1812.

To my great relief, when I arrived at my home in Mission Canyon, I found my family unhurt. The stone chimney on the north side of the house had fallen through the roof and, by so doing, had done much damage; but the chimneys on the south side, where were the living quarters, had fallen southward, away from the house. This circumstance seemed to me to show clearly that the quakes had come from the north. Later, I discovered further and curious proof of this directional movement. The long side of our dining room had an east-west axis. At the west end were two cupboards in which Mrs. Spaulding had her best china. In each cupboard, she had stood dishes on their rims, their bottoms leaning against the side walls of the cupboards. Those that had stood against the north wall now were lying upside down on the shelves, those against the west wall were in place, and those against the south wall were lying right side up on the shelves.

For the next three or four days, we lived on the lawn, doing our cooking on an improvised stone fireplace on the driveway and spending the nights on mattresses on the grass. There were many quakes, very many indeed; but they were weak ones and they did no damage other than to shake down an occasional bit of plaster that had been loosened by the first, severe ones.

The Mayor of the City and some of the Councilmen tried to conduct necessary business on tables set up on the lawn of the court house block. My neighbor and brother-in-law, Edward Starbuck, and I, along with many other citizens, were sworn in as special officers there on the grass close beside the ruins of the courthouse; and at night, for a week or more, we took turns in patrolling the Canyon. That we accomplished anything other than

to reassure the families on either side of the road who were attempting to sleep on the ground in the open is very doubtful. I saw no disorder of any kind whatsoever.

In the City, the members of the American Legion, with a fine sense of civic responsibility, came forward and, as special officers, attempted to keep traffic, both pedestrian and vehicular, off of State Street. In this effort they had only partial success because it became known that they would not take drastic action when their orders were disobeyed. A driver of an automobile, for example, would approach State Street on one of the cross streets and would be stopped by one of these special officers. As he argued with the Legionnaire who was attempting to turn him back, he would ease forward his car very slowly, as though by accident or because of poor brakes. In this situation, the officer, who was unwilling to use his side arms, was helpless. In the end, after taking several steps backward in order to keep abreast of the arguing driver, he was obliged ruefully to watch the car move on toward State Street.

A cadre of Los Angeles policemen arrived in the City to reinforce our regular police force, but these men, for one reason and another, were less efficient than were our local special officers and, after a day or two, they were returned to the city whence they came. Their place was taken by a battallion of Marines, who set up their military camp on the grass of the High School Stadium. With the advent of these disciplined soldiers the situation changed at once. When a marine ordered the driver of an automobile to halt, he brought his rifle to port arms, with the bayonet thrust into the car between the windshild and the driver. When, as happened at first, the driver tried the old trick of letting his car ease forward, he suddenly found the bayonet point pressing against his throat. That sensation stopped his forward progress instantly, it even caused him to move backward with astonished alacrity.

As the hectic days passed, many stories circulated through the town about the way this or that person of importance had acted when the first quake shook the area. Some of these stories still hold interest. Mr. George Edwards, for example, was in his flower garden when he felt the ground under him heave and tremble. As earthquakes were far from his thoughts, he supposed that he was suffering a stroke; and he at once lay prostrate on the ground between his dahlia plants. The local Ford agent, Ed Alexander, was abroad on his ranch on the upper waters of the Santa Ynez Valley. Suddenly, before the tremor reached him, he saw the mountainsides on the other side of the River from him become violently agitated. Rocks of all sizes began to roll and bounce and crash through the chaparral. His astonishment was so great that, until the tremor reached him, he actually thought that he was the victim of some fearful hallucination. A man who lived on Arlington Avenue, who must be nameless here, had just stepped out of his bed and was taking off his nightgown when the floor of his bedroom jerked violently upward and sidewards. When next he became conscious of what was taking place around him, he was sitting quietly on the curbing of the Avenue stark naked.

Perhaps the man who showed the greatest presence of mind in the emergency was Dr. Henry Pritchett, formerly President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and, at the time of the quake, residing on upper Garden Street. Awakened from a sound sleep by the violent shaking of his

bed, he called to his wife to put on a dressing gown and to hurry with him out-of-doors before the second shock occurred. This second shock struck just as the good doctor and Mrs. Pritchett came out on their porch above the garden at the rear of the house. As this second shock sent waves running along the carefully trimmed hedges on either side of the garden, Dr. Pritchet carefully counted the waves and noted that there were three to be seen at one time in the length of a hedge. From this simple observation, he learned the direction of the movement, estimated its intensity, and guessed at its source.

As the recurring shocks gradually diminished in strength, the tension within us townspeople steadily increased. It was a cumulative process. One would have supposed that it would be otherwise but it was not. On Friday, as I stood on the grass at the court house, where no one was in the slightest danger, the so-called Friday Quake, a strong one but by no stretch of the imagination one to be compared in strength with the first shock, passed under foot. We heard it coming and at once a dead silence fell on the throng as the three or four hundred people gathered there froze in their tracks. As the tremor passed under us, I felt a curious, prickling sensation creep up my legs. Then the quake was gone, but the silence still held. Suddenly and with extraordinary effect, a woman screamed. At that scream, pandimonium broke loose on the lawn.

Shortly after the Friday Quake, while Ed Alexander was attempting to transact some business in his office, the telephone rang with startling intensity. At any rate, it seemed to everyone in the room that it so rang. The secretary picked up the receiver and said "Hello" into the mouthpiece. Then she began to snuffle and to bawl.

"Ye-ye-ye-ye-es-es-es, I'll - I'll - I'll tell him," she sobbed.

"My God, what's happened now?" cried Ed in the wildest apprehension. (This was the more extraordinary because Ed was anything but an apprehensive or timid man under normal conditions.)

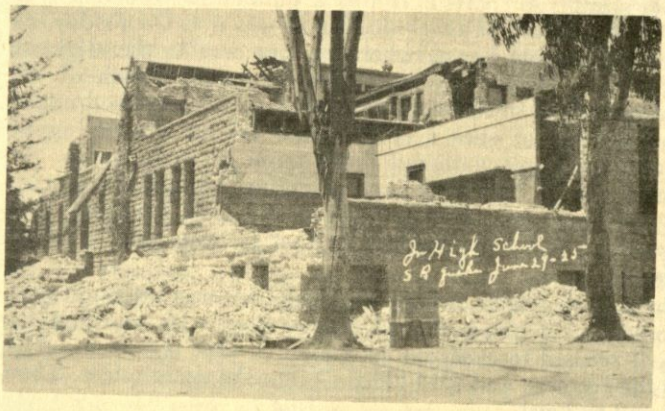
He grabbed up the receiver and heard his wife's voice casually ask him what time he wanted to have his dinner.

The climax of the episode came one night about eleven-thirty o'clock. A furious north wind was blowing, such a wind as occurs only two or three times in a decade. I was awakened from sleep by the screaming of my neighbor: "FIRE! Fire!"

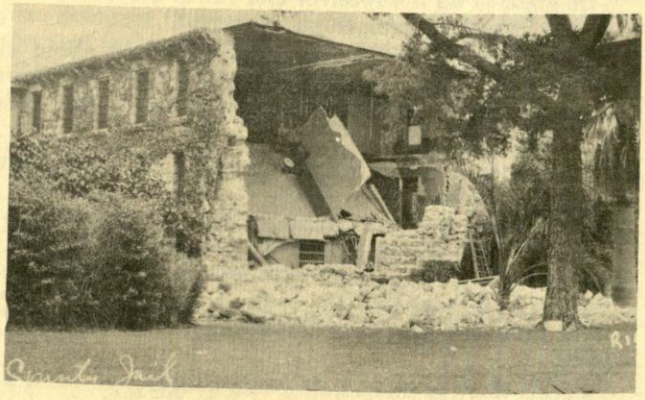
Springing from my bed and rushing to my window, I beheld the top of the hill to the east of my house red with flames. Such a fire, when driven by such a wind, was irresistable, I knew from past experiences with forest fires on the mountainside. Quickly we gathered the family together, packed a few necessities, and prepared to escape to the west. To my utter astonishment, for I had supposed the town to be doomed, I saw that the illumination on Mission Ridge was diminishing in intensity. Presently, it entirely subsided.

Seeing that the immediate panic danger was over, I left Mrs. Spaulding to put the children back to bed and went up to the scene of the fire. I arrived at El Encanto Hotel just as the last of the Marines, dirty and wet and charcoal encrusted, were leaving the area for their camp in the stadium. I was told that, at the first alarm, the Marines had been rushed to the scene and, with their blouses soaked with water from garden valves, they had attacked the flames and had actually beaten them out.

Santa Barbara that night owed its preservation to the courage and discipline of these superbly trained, spirited young men. Had they not been here, a large part of the City must have been destroyed. With this stirring example to stimulate them to cooperative effort, the citizens of Santa Barbara set themselves to the task of repairing and rebuilding the damage that was the result of the earthquake.



The old stone Santa Barbara High School (later, the Junior High School)



County Jail, where panic among prisoners occurred.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernhard Hoffmann

Bernhard Hoffmann – Community Builder

By PEARL CHASE*

A CITY THAT DEVELOPS FINELY SHOULD DELIGHT THE EYE, FEED THE INTELLECT AND LEAD THE PEOPLE OUT OF THE BONDAGE OF THE COMMONPLACE

Bernhard Hoffmann was a practical idealist, who worked tirelessly and with farsighted vision to make Santa Barbara a beautiful city, with an architecture in harmony with its historical background and adapted to its distinctive topography, its climate and its delightful location. He, and those working with him, believed that city planning and zoning, a good building code and adequate inspection and competent architects—with ideals and imagination—formed the basis for sound community growth and development. They believed that citizen understanding and support was of vital importance. It was after several years of work and demonstration that an earthquake suddenly provided the opportunity for a city-wide laboratory experiment which aroused more than national interest.

Details as to "the how and the when" of civic activities are seldom clearly remembered, even by the participants. Few individuals have the interest and the opportunity to learn and record how volunteer and semi-official citizen projects are developed and financed, and how they are related. Fortunately the period from 1921 to 1927—in which a distinctive California architecture was rapidly developed in Santa Barbara—is well documented.

*Miss Chase has, since 1927, been Chairman of the Plans and Planting Committee, 912 Santa Barbara Street, Santa Barbara, California.

Dozens of analytical and laudatory articles in professional and literary periodicals, written by specialists in different fields, supplement the official records and current reports in the *Santa Barbara Daily News* and the *Santa Barbara Morning Press.*

Many of these articles deal with the varied activities of Mr. Hoffmann and the "Plans and Planting Committees" before 1925; a still larger number of them touch upon the several unique procedures developed in Santa Barbara to help direct and expedite reconstruction after the earthquake, June 29, 1925; but only a part of the story was, or can be, told of the initiative and influence of Bernhard and Irene Hoffmann and their generous financial contributions for the improvement and beautification of Santa Barbara both before and following the earthquake.

PART I—1921 - 1925

Newcomers in 1920, they joined the recently created Community Arts Association, which within two years, had four branches devoted to: Drama, Music, the School of the Arts, and Plans and Planting. In 1921 Mr. Hoffmann organized an Architectural Advisory Committee which helped develop the design of the new City Hall and the much needed improvement of De la Guerra Plaza. The building of attractive walls on a portion of the north and west sides of the Plaza and installing wires underground were parts of this program.

NEW BUILDINGS AND OLD ADOBES

Mr. and Mrs. Hoffmann purchased Casa de la Guerra—the historic tile-roofed adobe facing the Plaza and faithfully following the remarkable sketch-plans of James Osborne Craig, successively built around it the famous "Street in Spain", El Restaurante del Paseo (completed in May 1923), the de la Guerra Studios, the State Street entrance and the Anacapa wing. They also purchased and restored the adobe at 116 E. De la Guerra Street, which became for a time Mr. Hoffmann's office and the first headquarters of the Plans and Planting Committee; later they built the Meridian Studios on the street frontage.

With Mr. Hoffmann as Chairman, the Plans Committee undertook a vigorous educational campaign to increase the public appreciation of the importance of the City's appearance, of good building practices, and of the value of restoring—for commercial and residential use—the adobes of the Spanish and Mexican periods. A strong interest was evidenced in the advantage of erecting new public and commercial buildings to harmonize in design with the older structures. It was demonstrated that they could be practical, well-proportioned, attractive and dignified with the use of modern materials.

Among the important buildings erected during these years, besides the de la Guerra properties were: the County National Bank, City Hall, Lobero Theatre, Santa Barbara Cemetery Chapel, Santa Barbara High School and Roosevelt School; and the remodelled Western Union Telegraph and Santa Fé Offices, University Club and Little Town Club.

Others in Santa Barbara who joined effectively in this activity and purchased and restored adobes in the downtown area were: the Community Arts Association, Fernand Lungren, Mrs. Esther Fiske Hammond, Mrs. A. L.

Murphy Vhay, Mrs. Joseph A. Andrews and John R. Southworth. Later the adobes owned by the Oreña, Goux and Monk families were improved; Mr. and Mrs. Max C. Fleischmann purchased the Carrillo Adobe from Mrs. Hammond and presented it to the Santa Barbara Foundation; and Los Rancheros Visitadores purchased the Southworth adobes. In this way a program for preserving Santa Barbara's individual character and historic associations was clearly formulated and widely accepted.

"Stand Fast Santa Barbara" . . . The challenging speech of Dr. Charles F. Lummis, first appeared in the Santa Barbara Morning Press in 1923, was reprinted and widely distributed by the Plans and Planting Committee — 4000 copies; In recent years it has been reprinted several times in the Santa Barbara News Press.*

SMALL HOMES PROGRAM

Those building small homes were aided in several ways by the Plans and Planting Committee which arranged exhibits, published leaflets, and held in 1923 a State-wide architectural competition for homes costing about $5,000. The following year the directors of the Community Arts Association published the book of "Small House Designs", dedicating it to Bernhard Hoffmann, President of the Association, "In recognition of his devoted, farsighted and generous leadership in promoting the development and enhancing the attractiveness of Santa Barbara".

To supplement these efforts, in April 1925, Santa Barbara participated in the national "Better Homes in America" campaign—of which Herbert Hoover was the president, (Pearl Chase, local chairman). After the earthquake it was announced that the City had shared First Prize with Atlanta, Georgia. Thereafter for seventeen consecutive years Santa Barbara City and/or County won the highest honor awards in this annual campaign until, after 1941, it was discontinued because of war conditions.

DEVELOPMENT OF CITY PLANNING

Mr. Hoffmann and the Plans Committee devoted a great deal of attention, time and money to city planning problems; supported the establishment of the City Planning Commission, and the hiring of Charles H. Cheney as Planning Consultant.

In February 1924, Mr. Cheney completed a *Building Zone Ordinance* which the Plans and Planting Committee published as an attractive bulletin for public consideration; and in May 16, 1924 the City Council adopted the Ordinance No. 1203. With the help of the Santa Barbara Chamber of Commerce the Committee secured the services of Mr. Cheney and of the Olmsted Brothers—famous landscape architects, to prepare a *Major Traffic Street Plan and Boulevard and Park System.* This plan, with accompanying maps, was published by the Plans and Planting Committee as a 70-page bulletin; it was adopted by the City Planning Commission, Dr. Rexwald Brown, President—September 30, 1924, and by the Board of Park Commissioners, Winsor Soule, President—November 20, 1924; but not by the City Council!

Meanwhile Mr. Hoffmann had stimulated interest and cooperation in the preparation of a long-needed Building Code. The City had, for the past several years, only employed inspectors of plumbing and electrical installations. Architects, contractors, representatives of building trades, building supply firms, and Chamber of Commerce, all contributed to the *Building*

*Dr. Lummis was Founder of the Southwest Museum, and President of the Landmarks Club, which started the movement to restore California Missions.

Code Ordinance which was finally passed by the Council on May 25, 1925 — after the tedious procedure which required three full readings. This was just five weeks before the earthquake; and before the Building Department, with L. L. Pope as Chief Inspector, was equipped with forms, and a new staff had been trained.

The City Government and many citizens had been made aware of the use of such civic machinery and of the desirability in a noted resort city—of improving both the standards of design and the construction of buildings. Few Santa Barbara structures or people however, were prepared for an earthquake! Only four earthquake insurance policies were in force; since there had been no major shock for 113 years, when the three Missions in Santa Barbara County were entirely destroyed.

PART II—CITIZEN COOPERATION IN RECONSTRUCTION
1925 - 1926

Santa Barbara in 1925: Government—Mayor, Council and City Manager. Population about 24,000. Earthquake 6:44 a.m. Monday, June 29, 1925. First reports and rumors greatly exaggerated. There was no fire. Thirteen persons killed and 30 injured. Major damage in business district, 14 blocks of State Street and one block on each side. Adequate provisions in stores and warehouses. Sanitary conditions in good order. Offers of technical and professional help, provisions and financial support poured in. San Francisco Supervisors immediately wired $50,000 with sympathetic understanding. The R. B. Ward, Inc. Fund of New York wired $50,000 for Santa Barbara's Relief Fund and promised $50,000 more. Santa Barbara planned a Fourth of July parade. (Santa Barbara Daily News, July 1)

The City Manager met the most pressing emergency needs for protection of life and property by assigning to department heads their special responsibilities, including the direction of large numbers of local organizations and individual volunteers, soon augmented by those of other communities — including for a short time police and Marines for relief patrol duty.

One of the first formal actions by the Mayor Charles M. Andera, and Councilmen, was to establish on July 1st, a *Board of Public Safety and Reconstruction.* This was comprised of themselves, City Manager Herbert J. Nunn—a qualified engineer, and five laymen. (See appendix for list of special Boards and Committees). Fortunately, the city-owned water system, including Gibraltar Reservoir, the tunnel through the Santa Ynez mountains and the small city reservoirs, remained intact; except for the Sheffield Reservoir which broke and discharged—through Sycamore Canyon to the sea—without damage to property or life. Seven breaks in the water mains were soon repaired. The public utility companies restored telephone, telegraph, railroad, gas and light services as rapidly as varying conditions permitted. The American Red Cross, in addition to emergency relief duties, was assigned the small home rehabilitation activities.

The City government's chief responsibility was to provide quickly an orderly program for reconstruction of damaged buildings so that business firms, churches, schools and social agencies would be safely housed—and more attractively than before. This offered an opportunity for Mr. Hoffmann and his co-workers to suggest new methods of operation; and for him to provide inspiring and effective leadership to important citizen-sponsored but officially authorized activities.

ENGINEERS' REPORT

In reviewing this period, Mr. Hoffmann reported that the City Manager's action in immediately calling together a group of structural engineers was of basic importance for those planning reconstruction. The Engineering Committee (10 men from north and south) was requested to "survey material conditions, make a report as to the damage sustained, collect data with regard to lessons to be learned from the earthquake and in adjustment of losses, and to recommend steps to be taken in restoring the buildings and City plant in the district most affected". An independent survey was made by a committee of 7 engineers sent by Mayor George Cryer of Los Angeles; the findings of both committees showed an astounding agreement. The report filed on July 3rd, including separate findings on over 400 buildings, was therefore submitted as joint findings and recommendations. (See appendix)

"It was unanimously agreed that wherever good materials have been properly used, and the design has been an intelligent one, slight damage or none has resulted". It was recommended that "No major program of reconstruction should be undertaken without first being considered by a group which should consist of: (a) architects of Santa Barbara, (b) City Planning Commission, (c) a group of representative business men and property owners."

ARCHITECTURAL ADVISORY COMMITTEE

The Board of Public Safety and Reconstruction immediately carried out this recommendation by appointing an *Architectural Advisory Committee,* through which the three groups should act. Bernhard Hoffmann was named Chairman; and with him T. Mitchell Hastings, architect; and John M. Curran, attorney. This Committee became the agency which provided—with private funds—the advice of experts, the services of trained men, and the aid of special equipment to expedite and supplement the work of the City Building Department, the Planning Commission, and a newly appointed and pioneering Architectural Board of Review. Mr. Hoffmann was indefatigable in his efforts, unflagging in his interest, and wonderfully generous; he served as a coordinator of official and citizen activities for reconstruction in his varied capacities. He not only served as Chairman of the Architectural Advisory Committee—with its several divisions—but also as secretary of the Architectural Board of Review and as a member of the Santa Barbara Relief Fund Committee. He retained the chairmanship of the Plans Committee, while surrendering the acting presidency of the Community Arts Association to Samuel Ilsley, a retired architect and president of the Public Library Board.

The Architectural Advisory Committee was strengthened by the appointment of an *Advisory Board,* which included 42 prominent citizens with diversified interests and experience in community organization, law, business, and property management. This group seldom met as a Board except to discuss new policies, but individual members were called upon by Mr. Hoffmann for special services; they were particularly helpful in explaining the rehabilitation program, and securing cooperation in performance.

It is notable that bankers, City Councilmen, directors of the Chamber of Commerce, as well as the Santa Barbara Art Club, and the Architectural Society, had promptly urged that "Santa Barbara should reconstruct itself along the lines of Spanish-California architecture advanced in the City for

the past few years". In addition to their fine appearance, the economically sound argument was that buildings in this style had withstood the disaster with little or no damage.

ARCHITECTURAL BOARD OF REVIEW

An *Architectural Board of Review* was appointed on July 9th and the City Council on July 16th adopted an Emergency Ordinance outlining the duties of this purely advisory board, which consisted of three able architects and two laymen. This was one of the first experiments in municipal regulation of architectural design. No building permits were to be issued by the Building Inspector until a report had been received from the Architectural Board of Review as to the fitness of the exterior design of the proposed building. In October a report states that no appeals had been carried to the City Council, although authorized in the Ordinance.

The Board passed upon hundreds of sets of plans, involving $5,500,000. in building permits during the following eight months, before a political change ended the City Manager form of government and, to Mr. Hoffmann's sorrow, the existence of the Architectural Board of Review.*

SPECIAL SERVICES, COUNTY DRAFTING ROOM

The Architectural Advisory Committee quickly realized that additional services would be required, and Mr. Hoffmann saw to it that the work of the City Building Department and the Architectural Board of Review were implemented and made successful by the establishment of a Community Drafting Room; and employment of a structural engineer and building code expert, Vern D. Hedden, who assisted in setting up a laboratory with the latest equipment to test the quality and strength of materials. (This building and equipment, on city property, provided through a gift of $6,000, is still in use). He also served on the hard-working *Building Code Revision Committee*, which prepared ordinance No. 1278, incorporating tested provisions for building department operation, and for safer construction of earthquake and fire resistant buildings. Though this ordinance was not operative for several months, its new safety standards were accepted and voluntarily enforced to a remarkable degree.

The Community Drafting Room was the most original inspiration; and it did a tremendous amount of work of unusual and varied character. It was a privately supported and completely equipped architectural office for public service, manned by an architect and from four to six competent architectural designers. No record of all its accomplishments was published; none is available. This office drafted the desirable changes in plans referred to it by the Architectural Board of Review. It prepared suggestions for the harmonious treatment of whole block fronts: for stores, garages and the simpler forms of buildings, to conform to a style considered fitting for the region, yet strictly within the requirements and costs of the owner.

In this manner, numerous buildings of all types were transformed into public and private assets. In several blocks of narrow stores an appearance of "unified architecture" was achieved by using off-white or light earth colors

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*On February 24, 1926, the A.B. of A. ordinance was repealed, ending architectural control except through the Building Code and related ordinances, until February 11, 1947, when actively sponsored by the Architectural Harmony Committee of the Chamber of Commerce, its ordinance No. 2121 was adopted, again providing for an Architectural Board of Review, its area of interest and supervision has been broadened through subsequent amendments.

on the walls, and related colors for the trim. Simple store signs were carefully designed and placed so that each would have its full value without destroying the appearance of its neighbors. This effect of block harmony, so important to the reputation of Santa Barbara, has been lost wherever even one, or a multiplicity of strong colored painted fronts and competing signs have been introduced.

Almost all of the services of the Drafting Room were free; except when, with the approval of the Architectural Advisory Committee, complete working drawings were made for some owners who could pay a little.

A considerable part of the time of the Community Drafting Room was devoted, through the "Home Planning Service Bureau", to the dissemination of information leading to the improvement of small house designs. The last publication of the Architectural Advisory Committee was the "Santa Barbara Builders Handbook" (51 pp. 1926) compiled by Vern D. Hedden, "particularly for builders of small residences, as the Building Code and related ordinances contained much that did not interest them."

The Planning Section, under the Architectural Advisory Committee, developed a scheme for widening Calle del Estado, as State Street was then called, by arcading sidewalks behind property lines. Examples may be seen on the north side of the City Hall, Anacapa wing of El Paseo, the east side of the 300-block of State Street, and also in Ojai. Mr. Hoffmann was disappointed that the rush to complete remodelling prevented the necessary public action, with property owners' approval, for this arcade plan. (Later the removal of two lines of street car tracks, made this widening of the pavement less necessary.)

SANTA BARBARA RELIEF FUND

Another story could be told of the difficult and responsible task of the *Santa Barbara Relief Fund Committee*, of which Dr. Henry S. Pritchett was chairman and Mr. Hoffmann a member. It was promptly appointed—"to receive contributions and make disbursements according to its judgment". A major obligation was to re-house semi-public agencies and aid in the rebuilding of the Old Mission. In 1925 no one dreamt of appealing for "disaster relief" to the Federal or to the State Government; contributions were secured directly from individuals, organizations and corporations.

So extraordinarily favorable, however, was the national publicity about the poise, vision and energy of the people of Santa Barbara—who were planning to rebuild their City under expert guidance, both safely and attractively—that contributions were many and generous. The Salvation Army building and grounds, the rebuilt and enlarged Neighborhood House, the new and larger Recreation Centre Gymnasium, and the Old Mission, are some which stand as familiar landmarks of the admiration felt for Santa Barbara.†

In a few short months a noted magazine reported that " . . . State Street with its so-many mis-matched unbeautiful buildings, belongs to the past. Calle del Estado rises in its place with fine new buildings, no more expensive than the old, but infinitely more beautiful and just as practical.

†Churches and members of Service Clubs received funds directly from other communities in considerable amounts. The Carnegie Foundation gave $66,000 for repairs to the Public Library (to which it had originally given $75,000 in 1915); and the Carnegie Corporation gave $25,000 to the Community Arts Association, which paid for the Art Studios and the Little Theatre, since enlarged and renamed the Alhecama Theatre.

The new buildings with their tiled roofs, light walls and wrought-iron decorations, are examples of the Santa Barbara adaptation of the Spanish-Colonial style."

Very many shared in the building of the "New Santa Barbara", and many continued the effort to develop and enhance the charm of the city through the years; notably among these were three who had worked with Mr. Hoffmann—L. L. Pope, long-time City Building Inspector; Henry W. Howell, architect; and John Frederic Murphy, architect, building and loan official, and vice-chairman of the Plans and Planting Committee.

The special citizen boards and committees, created to aid in the reconstruction activities, ended their work in the spring of 1926. They had proved extraordinarily successful, had achieved much in a very short time; and had interested many throughout the Southwest in the Spanish-Colonial style of architecture, so suitable and appropriate to this whole area.

Mr. Hoffmann received national recognition and the warm regard and appreciation of his fellow residents. He continued through the Plans and Planting Committee of the Community Arts Association, important parts of the educational program. In August 1926, this Committee printed a booklet with 75 illustrations entitled "New Santa Barbara". On the back cover was a closing message—"MEN THRIVE ONLY IN SO FAR AS THEY WORK TOGETHER". Mr. Hoffmann retired as Chairman in the spring of 1927; and for reasons of health, resigned all responsibilities in community leadership.

Bernhard Hoffmann was a "community builder", a man with a mission. His work has been, and should continue to be, an inspiration to our public officials and to our fellow citizens—newcomers and oldtimers alike.

APPENDIX I

CITIZEN ORGANIZATION CREATED TO AID IN RECONSTRUCTION 1925

(Numbers indicate sequence)

CITY MANAGER

1) ENGINEERING COMMITTEE—June 30
   Emergency 10, then 3 Structural Engineers employed.
   BUILDING DEPARTMENT enlarged.
   # Inspectors 12, Clerks
2) BOARD OF PUBLIC SAFETY AND RECONSTRUCTION, July 1.
   Mayor, Council, Manager and five laymen
4) ARCHITECTURAL BOARD OF REVIEW
   Appointed July 9, duties outlined by Emergency Ordinance July 16
   2 laymen, 3 architects
   (B. H. Secretary)

#—Employed

3) ARCHITECTURAL ADVISORY COMMITTEE, July 3
   3 laymen (B. H. Chairman)
   (a) Advisory Board—42
   (b) Community Drafting Room
   # Architect & 4 to 6 Draftsmen
   (c) # Technical Advisor for Bldg. Dept. & Advisory Committee
   (d) Code Revision Committee—4
   (e) Planning Section
5) S. B. RELIEF FUND COMMITTEE, July 11. Mayor and 10 (B. H., member)

Volunteers served on Committee and Boards Through Architectural Advisory Committee all expenses of Community Drafting Room, Technical Advisor and secretarial work of Committees, were paid by anonymous local contributors.

APPENDIX II

SPECIAL BOARDS AND COMMITTEES—POST EARTHQUAKE

1. EMERGENCY ENGINEERING COMMITTEE called by City Manager, June 30th. Charles D. Innard, Chairman; H. D. Dewell, Secretary; F. C. Burrell, W. A. Dunton, Jr., C. E. Grunsky, C. C. Healey, C. J. Herbold, Edward L. Maybury, Walter B. Rivers, Charles B. Wing. Cooperating with a group of seven sent by Mayor George Cryer of Los Angeles, including J. J. Backus, Superintendent of Buildings. Later an Engineering Committee made detailed reports on each non-residential building—W. A. Dunton, Jr., Chairman, Alfred L. Vezina, Secretary and L. B. Carter.
2. BOARD OF PUBLIC SAFETY AND RECONSTRUCTION created by Council July 1. Members: Mayor* C. M. Andera, Councilmen: *Frank W. Cole, *George K. Freeman, George M. McGuire, Dr. W. J. Mellinger; City Manager Herbert J. Nunn, *Harold S. Chase, Real Estate; Walter Irwin, Southern California Edison; Jay Smedley, Building Trades Council; Edward F. MacDonough, Secretary Chamber of Commerce; Fred Jackson, City Planning and Park Commission.
3. ARCHITECTURAL ADVISORY COMMITTEE appointed by Board of Safety and Reconstruction. —Bernhard Hoffmann, Plans and Planting Committee, Chairman; T. Mitchell Hastings, President S. B. Chapter American Institute of Architects; John M. Curran, Attorney, member City Planning Commission.
   This Committee, with approval of Board of Public Safety and Reconstruction, chose an Advisory Board of 42—business men and property owners.
   (a) ADVISORY BOARD—Frank A. Abbott, Edward W. Alexander, Dr. Benjamin A. Bakewell, *Peter Cooper Bryce, Neal Callahan, Judge T. H. Canfield, Paul Dalzell, U. Dardi, T. Wilson Dibblee, Louis C. Dreyfus, M. A. Durkee, *Archie Edwards, George S. Edwards, J. I. Eisenberg, George Emery, William S. Fairchild, Dwight Faulding, Reginald G. Fernald, Salisbury Field, Eylar M. Fillmore, H. L. Frederick, John M. Gamble, Theodore Hawley, Ralph W. Hersey, C. C. Hopkins, Ira E. Kramer, Michel A. Levy, Norman McFadden, *Donald Myrick, *Charles A. Ott, *John A. Parma, William C. Poillon, E. F. Rogers, Jay Smedley, *Edward Selden Spaulding, Samuel J. Stanwood, Mrs. Hattie G. Stockton, *Thomas M. Storke, Harry C. Sweetser, J. E. White, F. A. Wright.
   (b) COMMUNITY DRAFTING ROOM—Architects sucessively: Hugh Perham (from Los Angeles office of Reginald Johnson), Wilmer Hershey, *Arthur R. Hutchason, and Vergil Westbrook, Staff: Four to six draftsmen; Consultants: Out of town members, American Institute of Architects, particularly Reginald Johnson, and William Templeton Johnston of San Diego.
   (c) TECHNICAL ADVISOR—Vern D. Hedden, Structural Engineer, building code expert employed by Architectural Advisory Commitee as special consultant for the City Building Department, Community Drafting Room and the Commitee. Dr. Bailey Willis, Seismologist, gave advice on building code and Building Department procedures.
   (d) CODE REVISION COMMITTEE—John R. Snook, Building Contractor, chairman; John Frederic Murphy, Architect; *L. L. Pope, Building Inspector; Vern D. Hedden, Secretary.
   (e) PLANNING SECTION—Members of the Advisory Board worked with Planning Commission.
4. ARCHITECTURAL BOARD OF REVIEW—J. E. White, City Planning Commission, Chairman; Bernhard Hoffmann, Plans and Planting Committee, Secretary. Architects: *William A. Edwards, George Washington Smith, Carleton A. Winslow. John Frederic Murphy served as Advisor and in absence of one of the architects. Emergency Ordinance No. 1256 defined duties.
5. SANTA BARBARA RELIEF FUND COMMITTEE appointed by Council July 3. Dr. Henry S. Pritchett (Carnegie Foundation) Chairman; Frederick Forrest Peabody (President, Santa Barbara School Board) Vice Chairman; E. F. MacDonough, Secretary; George S. Edwards, (President Commercial Bank) Treasurer; *Mayor Andera; General E. B. Babbitt, ret.; Dr. Rexwald Brown (Planning Commission); *Harold S. Chase; Walter Erwin; Bernhard Hoffmann; George Owen Knapp (retired capitalist).

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* 1959 surviving.

APPENDIX III

FROM PRELIMINARY REPORT ENGINEERS' COMMITTEE, JULY 3

Sub-chairmen made itemized statements of condition of buildings in assigned districts, including 14 blocks State Street and side streets, also all hotels and semi-public buildings.

SUMMARY	
Number of premises inspected	411
Totally destroyed or to be demolished	60
Buildings	14
Shacks	11
Requiring further inspection before condemnation	72
Unsafe until repaired	64
Safe "as is"	82
Repairs needed, but safe for immediate use	102
Damaged, to be open for use when repaired	6
Safe for use when chimneys are inspected	10
Locked up, not inspected	

Total amount of damage estimated at $5,000,000 to business buildings and semi-public structures; to schools, $700,000; to County buildings $530,000; total, $6,230,000. This does not include damages done to residences (chiefly chimneys and plaster). Pacific Board of Fire Underwriters later estimated damage at $10,000,000. The total cost of reconstruction and new buildings, including the Court House, approximately $15,000,000.

Athough my Daily News building was not visibly damaged. I did not permit my staff to enter until an official inspection had been made and the structure pronounced safe and sound.

A newspaper has an obligation to carry on in times of emergency, however, and I am proud to say that mine lived up to that tradition of the Fourth Estate. We got out three extras that day, 10,000 copies in all, but not nearly enough to satisfy the demand.

My mechanical superintendent and I entered the building early that morning and published the first single-page extra, using hand set type and a hand-operated job press. There was no gas or electricity available for linotype or rotary press.

The hasty editorial I wrote for that first Earthquake Extra injected a note of hope and optomism into the general chaos that reigned that day:

"The people of Santa Barbara are meeting the burdens of this calamity which has fallen upon the city. The work of relief already is well organized. The hand of the builder will soon begin the task of rebuilding. There will be work for all, and all must work.

"But in the end, Santa Barbara will come back bigger, better and stronger than ever before; for the things that made our city—and the men who built it—are still here."

Later editions were run off with job presses powered by a portable gas engine borrowed from Ott's hardware store.

[1] California Editor, Page 272.

Arlington Hotel

Director's Report

FERNALD HOME

Like a ghost at midnight—on or about June 10—the old home of Judge Charles Fernald will begin gliding across lower Santa Barbara and come to rest at its new location on Castillo Street near the Trussell-Winchester adobe and the Dr. Stambach house. It will be sliced into three sections for the move, but once settled on the lot which awaits it, the venerable mansion will be given a new foundation, pieced together, painted, redecorated and restored. Many of the original pieces of furniture used by the Judge and his bride, Hannah Hobbs of Berwick, Maine, almost a century ago, have been retained and will be used in the home. Through the generosity of friends of the Society, the outstanding pieces obtained include a beautiful old Victorian bed and marble-topped dresser, a hand-carved dining set, a glass-fronted large mahogany bookcase, and the favorite chair and desk of the Judge.

Occupied continuously by members of the Fernald family until the death in September, 1958, of Miss Florence Fernald, the last remaining child of the Judge and his wife Hannah, the Victorian edifice has seen almost a hundred years of gracious living. The move to the new site will insure the continuation of this, for it is planned to use it as headquarters for the women's auxiliary of the society, as well as for other social gatherings.

Joining as it will the Hunt-Stambach house built in the 1870's, (with Peter J. Barber as architect)—now occupied by the Assistance League—and the Trussell-Winchester Adobe, built by Captain Horatio Trussell in 1854, this home, representing the finest craftsmanship of Roscoe Forbush, cabinet-maker of the early 1860's in Santa Barbara, will create a small, complete zone of historic houses of the colonial-American period.

Mr. Elmer H. Whittaker, an executive member of the Historical Society, is planning and will supervise the move to the Castillo Street property. He was also responsible for the successful move of the Hunt-Stambach home for the Assistance League, in the Spring of 1955.

To enable historically minded and interested friends of the Society to share in this worthwhile project, The Fernald House Fund was created, which will assist in financing the move and the restoration. Donations have come from many friends who live as far away as San Francisco, Los Angeles, Philadelphia,—as well as from donors in neighboring communities. Some gifts have been specified as for the purchase of furniture, others for the general House Fund. All are welcome. Contributions have ranged from one dollar to a thousand dollars. All are tax-deductible. The Fund is still short of the estimated amount needed, but it is hoped that by the time the next issue of Noticias goes to press, it can be reported as "over the top".

We wish to express our grateful thanks to the following donors for their generous contributions:

FERNALD HOME DONATIONS (for moving)

Mrs. James Abbott
Mrs. Mamie Goulet Abbott
Mr. Mrs. Frank H. Adams
Mrs. Gordon S. Armsby

Gen. Mrs. Robert Blake
Col. Mrs. Henry Bull
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Miss Mildred Valentine

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Mr. Mrs. A. C. Postel
Ames Art Gallery by Mr. Albert Ames (Pasadena)
Mrs. Ralph Isham
Mrs. Amelie Dolbeck
Mrs. Anne J. Webster
Mrs. Vera Cooper

COVARRUBIAS ADOBE

May 18 brought to a close the American Period exhibition which opened last January. It has been well-received, and has been viewed by a large number of visitors from all points of the globe. The museum headquarters closed on May 18 for a month, during which time a new exhibit will be arranged for display. On June 22, our annual Spanish-Colonial exhibit will be opened with a members preview tea, under the direction of Mrs. Elmer H. Whittaker, chairman. The following day, June 23, the doors will be opened for public viewing.

On April 21, the Santa Barbara Historical Society held its annual luncheon in celebration of the birthday of the founding of the Santa Barbara Presidio in 1782. The civic luncheon marked the 177th anniversary of this historic event. Presiding at the noon meeting at Restaurante del Paseo, was Thomas J. McDermott, who introduced Dr. V. Aubrey Neasham, historian of the State Division of Beaches and Parks, guest speaker. His subject was "Current Trends in the Preservation of California's History".

Leo Carrillo, whose ancestors were among the founders of Santa Barbara, and were at one time owners of large Spanish land-grants here, spoke briefly to the assembled group. He is a member of the State Park Commission at the present time.

Following the well-attended affair, the Society held Open House at the Trussell-Winchester Adobe, as did the Assistance League at the Hunt-Stambach House next door, on West Montecito street, from 2:00 to 4:00 o'clock.

Beginning at 4:30, dedication ceremonies were held at the historic Covarrubias Adobe on Santa Barbara Street, preceded by a reception at Los Adobes de Los Rancheros headquarters. Presiding at the dedication was John J. Mitchell, who introduced Father Maynard Geiger, O.F.M., Historian, Archivist, Old Mission, both of whom reminisced of earlier years in Santa Barbara, and stressed the importance to today's culture of the preservation of such historical buildings as the Covarrubias Adobe. Dr. V. Aubrey Neasham made the presentation, assisted by Leo Carrillo, who had the pleasure of unveiling the State Landmark (No. 308) plaque. Honored also at this event, were the Misses Yris and Aurora Covarrubias, granddaughters of General Jose Maria Covarrubias, builder of the old adobe, and leading citizen of Santa Barbara during California's turbulent transitional years in the 1840's.

Miss Pearl Chase, chairman of the committee for the Santa Barbara County Historical Survey, recommended the adobe for this signal recognition by the State Landmarks Commission.

SANTA BARBARA'S HERITAGE (*An Editorial by Edwin Gledhill*)

On May 4, 1959 a Bill, Number 1377 was introduced in the State Legislature by Senator J. J. Hollister to appropriate $20,000.00 from the State Beach and Park Fund to the Division of Beaches and Parks for research and preparation of a master plan for the acquisition and development of the historic Santa Barbara Presidio as a part of the State Park System. This followed a favorable report by Mr. Glen Price for the Division of Beaches and Parks as to the feasibility of the restoration of the Santa Barbara Presidio

and his recommendation it be restored. This Bill was approved by the Santa Barbara City Council and the County Board of Supervisors, Mrs. Eileen Dismuke, Grand President of the Native Daughters of the Golden West, the Santa Barbara Plans and Planting Committee and the Santa Barbara Historical Society. It is of the greatest importance to the future of Santa Barbara that this restoration take place.

The eventual restoration of the Presidio and Pueblo Viejo in Santa Barbara, will be following the pattern set not only by Monterey, Los Angeles' Oliveras street and Old Plaza, the Vieux Carre in New Orleans, Williamsburg and Ford's Greenfield, in the east, but many other communities scattered throughout our nation which have found that to preserve the vestiges of the past is good business insurance for the future.

Santa Barbara's heritage of history commencing with the founding of the Presidio, in 1782, is worthy of recording by the restoration and preservation of her landmarks. The only evidence of our history, preserved through paintings and photographs, shows that there had been a period during which the Presidio and surrounding adobes were sparkling and attractive with their white walls and tile roofs. The pastoral period, prior to the 1840's and '50's witnessed a gracious manner of living which attracted important visitors to the little mission village so ideally situated on the pleasant shores of the blue Pacific. Even in those early days, the natural beauty of the area, the climate, plus the fact that it was a half-distance from the north and south pueblos of Monterey and Los Angeles, made Santa Barbara a desirable place in which to stay. The middle of the 1830's, at which time our Spanish-California community numbered around 500 population, may have been the peak of it's development as a typical Spanish town, for those years saw the gradual infiltration of seafaring men from New England, or "mountain men", in their buckskins and beaver caps, who, liking what they found here, decided to settle down, marry the brown-eyed senoritas, build homes and raise families. With their coming came also the cottage-type houses more familiar to the east coast. Prior to this time, the area surrounding the Presidio contained houses of adobe, grouped without order, each with a small secluded garden hidden by high adobe walls. Among the more pretentious residences were those of the Casa de la Guerra and Alpheus B. Thompson. The white towers of the Mission seen in the far distance on the sloping hills, beckoned to mariners from the distant channel, promising rest and refreshment to the weary travellers.

In this day of speed, and the unknown futures of explorations into space, the restoration of the Presidio could recapture for us all a part of the spirit of the age of the Dons, wherein could be found relaxation, refreshment for the soul, and education for the youth of today in the contrasting life portrayed by the exhibits. It would save for all time the evidence of Santa Barbara history from total destruction.

While there is still time, we must begin planning intelligently to save the qualities which draw others to our community. We must realize the value of our background of history and take necessary steps to retain the established values contained in the old adobes, the Victorian houses—for this is the stage setting against which the modern life of our city moves. Already some of our richest gems have been removed from this setting. We cannot hope to get them back, but we can begin working and planning now, for the future.

bed, he called to his wife to put on a dressing gown and to hurry with him out-of-doors before the second shock occurred. This second shock struck just as the good doctor and Mrs. Pritchett came out on their porch above the garden at the rear of the house. As this second shock sent waves running along the carefully trimmed hedges on either side of the garden, Dr. Pritchet carefully counted the waves and noted that there were three to be seen at one time in the length of a hedge. From this simple observation, he learned the direction of the movement, estimated its intensity, and guessed at its source.

As the recurring shocks gradually diminished in strength, the tension within us townspeople steadily increased. It was a cumulative process. One would have supposed that it would be otherwise but it was not. On Friday, as I stood on the grass at the court house, where no one was in the slightest danger, the so-called Friday Quake, a strong one but by no stretch of the imagination one to be compared in strength with the first shock, passed under foot. We heard it coming and at once a dead silence fell on the throng as the three or four hundred people gathered there froze in their tracks. As the tremor passed under us, I felt a curious, prickling sensation creep up my legs. Then the quake was gone, but the silence still held. Suddenly and with extraordinary effect, a woman screamed. At that scream, pandimonium broke loose on the lawn.

Shortly after the Friday Quake, while Ed Alexander was attempting to transact some business in his office, the telephone rang with startling intensity. At any rate, it seemed to everyone in the room that it so rang. The secretary picked up the receiver and said "Hello" into the mouthpiece. Then she began to snuffle and to bawl.

"Ye-ye-ye-ye-es-es-es, I'll - I'll - I'll tell him," she sobbed.

"My God, what's happened now?" cried Ed in the wildest apprehension. (This was the more extraordinary because Ed was anything but an apprehensive or timid man under normal conditions.)

He grabbed up the receiver and heard his wife's voice casually ask him what time he wanted to have his dinner.

The climax of the episode came one night about eleven-thirty o'clock. A furious north wind was blowing, such a wind as occurs only two or three times in a decade. I was awakened from sleep by the screaming of my neighbor: "FIRE! Fire!"

Springing from my bed and rushing to my window, I beheld the top of the hill to the east of my house red with flames. Such a fire, when driven by such a wind, was irresistable, I knew from past experiences with forest fires on the mountainside. Quickly we gathered the family together, packed a few necessities, and prepared to escape to the west. To my utter astonishment, for I had supposed the town to be doomed, I saw that the illumination on Mission Ridge was diminishing in intensity. Presently, it entirely subsided.

Seeing that the immediate panic danger was over, I left Mrs. Spaulding to put the children back to bed and went up to the scene of the fire. I arrived at El Encanto Hotel just as the last of the Marines, dirty and wet and charcoal encrusted, were leaving the area for their camp in the stadium. I was told that, at the first alarm, the Marines had been rushed to the scene and, with their blouses soaked with water from garden valves, they had attacked the flames and had actually beaten them out.

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NOTICIAS

QUARTERLY BULLETIN OF THE
SANTA BARBARA HISTORICAL SOCIETY
MAILING ADDRESS: OLD MISSION, SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA

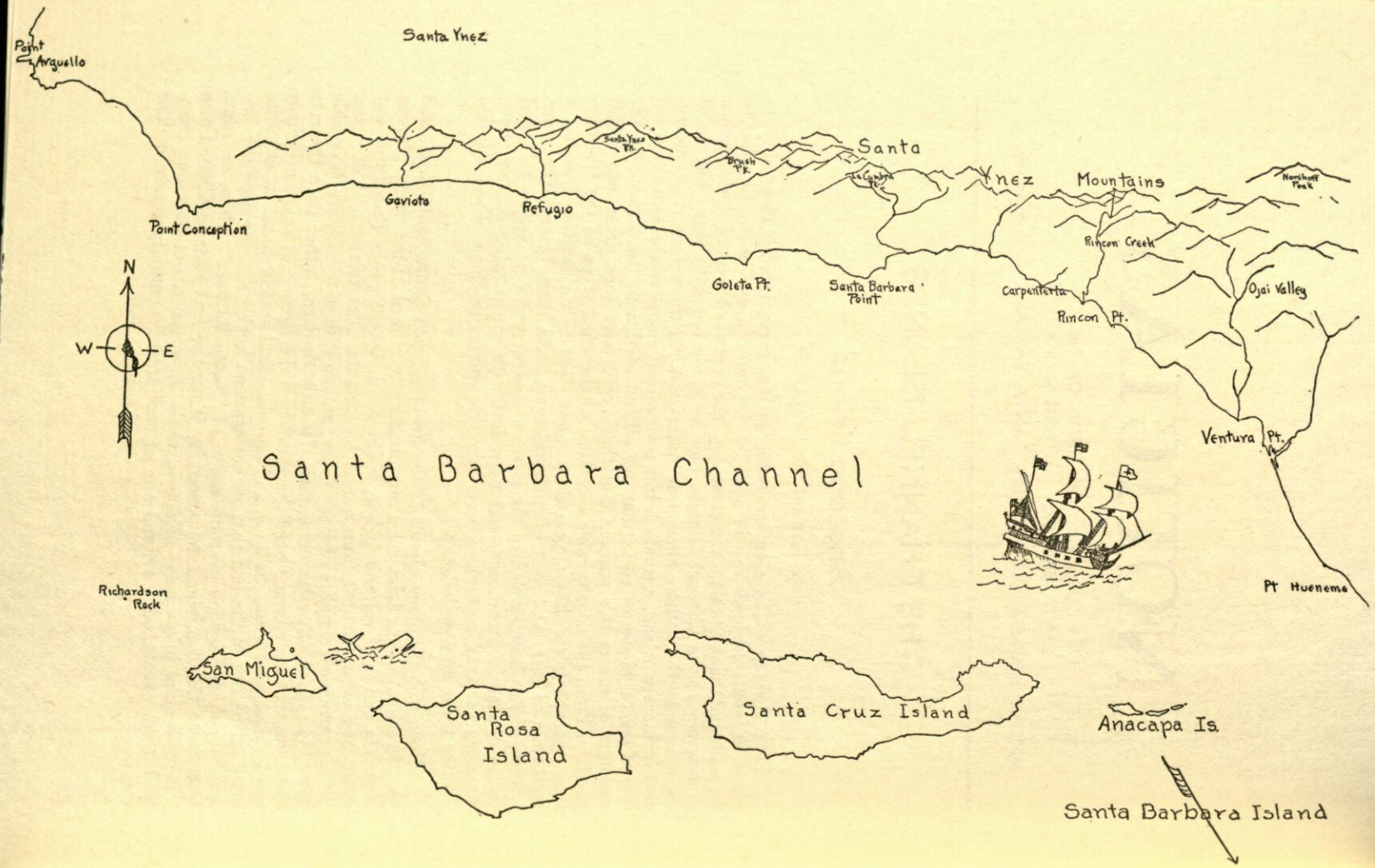
THE CHANNEL ISLANDS

Anacapa Island

By EDWARD S. SPAULDING

From the top of La Cumbre Peak, on an exceptionally clear day in winter, at least six islands can be seen by the unaided eye in the Channel to the south and the southeast. On a clear day, the landward four of these, known to us locally as the Channel Islands, can be made out with some degree of distinctness by the bathers along our waterfront. Of these four, the easternmost is Anacapa Island, a smallish hill with an extension to the east that consists of several blocks or rocks that are all but hidden to the bathers by the curvature of the earth's surface, but that are clearly seen from any slight elevation. From the considerable elevation of the front steps of the Old Mission, Anacapa Island has appeared to some eyes as an engine drawing a short train of cars; and so it often is referred to in these terms. The name "Anacapa" has been spelled in the past in several ways. It seems to be of Indian origin. Its significance has been lost with the passing of the years, according to some authorities, even though there are those who maintain that the name means "mirage".

Along with the other islands of the group—Santa Cruz, Santa Rosa, and San Miguel—Anacapa Island is a continuation westward of the Santa Monica Mountain and is of volcanic origin. (The hard, igneus rocks that form our breakwater were obtained from quarries on Santa Cruz Island.) It does not possess permanent supplies of fresh water, and so it does not offer a favorable habitat to man or other land mammals. Its only denizens, other than the rats and hares that have been placed there through the agency of man, are birds and sea mammals—seal, sea lions, and an occasional sea elephant. Its chief interest for us lies in the fact that its easternmost rock probably was the "island" to which Viscaino gave the name of "Santa Barbara" when, en route from Santa Catalina Island, he passed by it for the first time in 1503. From this small event in a voyage of considerable importance, not only our channel but our county, our city. and one of our streets eventually received their names.


Santa Ynez
Point Arguello
Santa Ynez Pk.
Brush Pk.
Santa
La Cumbre Pk.
Ynez
Mountains
Nordhoff Peak
Gaviota
Refugio
Point Conception
Rincon Creek
N
W
E
Goleta Pt.
Santa Barbara Point
Carpenteria
Ojai Valley
Rincon Pt.
Ventura Pt.
Santa Barbara Channel
Richardson Rock
Pt Hueneme
San Miguel
Santa Rosa Island
Santa Cruz Island
Anacapa Is.
Santa Barbara Island

When, in 1860, Santa Barbara County was divided into two, roughly equal parts at Rincon Creek, this line of division was carried out to sea through the channel between Anacapa and Santa Cruz Islands. The former island became a part of the newly formed county of San Buenaventura, and the latter remained, as it had been for a decade, a part of Santa Barbara County. This status continues to this day. In the past, the ocean boundary line between the two counties has been of the smallest moment. Should large pools of oil be discovered below the Channel in this region, the exact location of this line may become a matter of considerable interest and of acrimonious dispute.

Anacapa, San Miguel, and Santa Barbara Islands are owned by the Federal Government. During the Second Phase of the World War, Anacapa Island was made a military reservation. Incidentally, Mexico continues to maintain its claim of sovereignty over all these islands on the ground that they are not specifically mentioned in the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, 1846, when California and other territory was ceded to the United States.

Some of the best fishing grounds of this area lie to the southeast of the easternmost rock of Anacapa Island. A "light" is maintained by the United States Coast Guard on its easternmost hilltop.

Santa Cruz Island

MRS. AMBROSE GHERINI is interviewed by Mr. Spaulding

Reviewing Mr. Justinian Caire's interest in Santa Cruz Island, we must first trace his arrival in this country.

Justinian Caire, the youngest of a large family, was born in Briancon in the French Alps. As a very young man, he had visited Genoa where relatives of his had business interests.

Appearing in a report issued by the Society of California Pioneers, 456 McAllister Street, San Francisco, is the following:

> "Justinian Caire and his brother Adrien appear first in the 1853 Directory of San Francisco as the firm of Hardware Merchants at 142 Washington St. It was formed in March 1851. Justinian Caire arrived in San Francisco March 29, 1851, from France on the Aurelie. The first name of the firm was Caire and Long, and they imported luxury items from England and Germany as well as supplies for the miners. Married in Genoa in 1854 to Albina Cristina Sara Molfino. It is apparent that Adrien was the Paris member of the hardware concern."

It took my grandfather, coming around the Horn, six months to reach here. San Francisco in those days, we know, was continually beset by conflagrations, and it wasn't too long after his arrival that his stock and all were completely destroyed by the Great Fire of May 4th and 5th, 1851. Not discouraged, he started to rebuild, but before completing the modest

superstructure, he dug deeply and covered the pit with metal sheeting. Everyone laughed at him and called him the "crazy Frenchman". But not for long, did they laugh. Within months, when fire bells sounded again, my grandfather dumped all his merchandise under ground and thus he was able to continue in business as soon as the embers had cooled off.

When my grandparents returned to San Francisco after their marriage in December 1854, they crossed through Nicaragua from the Atlantic to the Pacific and then north to San Francisco. Their first home was on Telegraph Hill in the latter city. My grandmother was so disillusioned with the city then, pigs roaming through the streets, and water being peddled from horse carts, that she wouldn't learn English. It was only when her family was growing up and she saw no possibility of returning to live in Europe, that she mastered the language.

Meanwhile, Santa Cruz Island had been owned by an English firm represented by Bolton and Barron with a Mr. Shaw in charge of operations. Mr. Barron had a nephew, who was consul or vice-consul in Spain, and it was through him that they imported the fine Merino wool sheep from Spain. When the English decided to sell the island, owing to their more recent interest in the Almaden Mine near San Jose, a new group was formed under the sponsorship of the then so-called San Francisco French Bank with Gustave Mahé as president.

This was in 1869. The members, as I have copied from a book by Col. Wentworth, were as follows: Pablo Baca, Justinian Caire, Giovanni Battista Cerruti, Thomas J. Gallagher, Adrien Gensoul, Nicolas Larco, Gustave Mahé, Camillo Martin, I. Lemman Meyer, and Alexander Weil. Exactly what happened I don't know, but Mahé committed suicide when the Bank failed and as my grandfather had vouched for two others and these couldn't meet their payments, he found himself with a larger share of responsibility. At some time during the period 1880-1890 we find the name of Alex P. More as interested in Santa Cruz Island, but soon, my grandfather bought him out. Alex P. More then purchased Santa Rosa Island.

My grandparents had a large family and soon the eldest daughter was sent to France to study. My grandmother was ailing and somewhere during the seventies my grandfather decided to help the family return to Genoa, where medical care could be procured and the older children sent to school. At that time, there was a train crossing the United States, but no dining cars. After five years, the family returned to reside not in San Francisco but in Oakland at 8th and Harrison.

On December 26, 1880 my parents were married and we lived in San Francisco. My grandfather was a very kind man, with a keen sense of humor, and, maybe, somewhat formal at times. Imagine my surprise when I received the enclosed note dated May 26, 1893, to me, a young lady almost ten years old.

May 26, 1893

"Miss Maria Rossi—from town

Dear young lady,

If my memory fails me not, I will call for you tomorrow, Saturday at 2 P.M. to show you the new schooner "Santa Cruz", which is moored at the Italian fisherman's wharf.

Give all a good kiss for me. A hearty hug for yourself.

Justinian Caire."

I cherished the note and went with him to see the new schooner Santa Cruz—a sailing vessel with a gasoline auxiliary engine. This Santa Cruz was to supplant the old "Star of Freedom".

There is a further note addressed to me as of February 15, 1895, delivered by messenger, with a request for an immediate answer, inviting my twin brothers, aged 6½ years, to go to the store on Market St. with Mr. Radovich and from there, they would accompany their grandpa to spend Saturday and Sunday in Oakland.

"San Francisco, February 15, 1895

My dear Maria,

from town.

Would you ask your mother if the twins could or would come to the store with Theo Radovich from there to wend their way with me to Oakland to spend Saturday and Sunday.

Give bearer immediate reply. Give a good kiss to your father, your mother, your little sisters for your grandfather who will return you a hundred fold for your efforts for him.

Justinian Caire"

Of course the only transportation from San Francisco to Santa Barbara was by ocean-going vessels. In my childhood many were the trips we made on the Eureka. By the time we crossed the Golden Gate, most of us would be seasick; it couldn't have been the motion exactly but the lack of fresh air. The cabins were down below, off the dining room, and the engine odors permeated everywhere. If the ship left here in the morning of a certain day, we would travel all that day, that night, and we would not reach Santa Barbara until the next afternoon.

The Eureka was really a freight boat. On the way South we would stop at Port Hartford (now Port San Luis) and if they intended to load and unload we would have time to take a train ride on the narrow guage up to San Luis Obispo. We'd visit the mission there and then return by train to the wharf, happy for a chance of getting off the ship for a while. Another stop was Cayucas. Sometimes the tide would be low and the wharf would be higher up, and, if any passengers were to board the Eureka, they would be placed in baskets and lowered like freight. The stops depended on when and where cargo was due to be picked up or delivered. When the Santa Rosa replaced the Eureka as a passenger boat, that was a true luxury—but still we never rebelled; it was all worth it, because, when we left San Francisco, we expected to stay the whole six weeks or more at Santa Cruz Island.

In a letter from my grandmother written on July 4, 1904, she speaks of the Schooner Pasadena being due at Prisoner's Harbor to pick up a load of wool, bundles of hide and 590 sheep. These latter were already in corrals at Prisoner's awaiting to be loaded. She said "we won't expect to receive any mail through here because it's the Eureka which makes a call here on her way directly to San Francisco."

My grandfather was an uncommon Frenchman in that he had mastered Italian and English and he had a working knowledge of Spanish. All Spanish names on the Island attest to this. In private, he even spoke the Genoese dialect with his wife, but, of course, never in front of his children. He made his plans in an orderly manner, and each ranch had hand-drawn drawings

on a thin type of oil cloth sheets showing the different fields and their positions in respect to the main buildings. Rock work, done in gullies to preserve the water and meanwhile prevent land from being washed away, exist to this day as firm as ever.

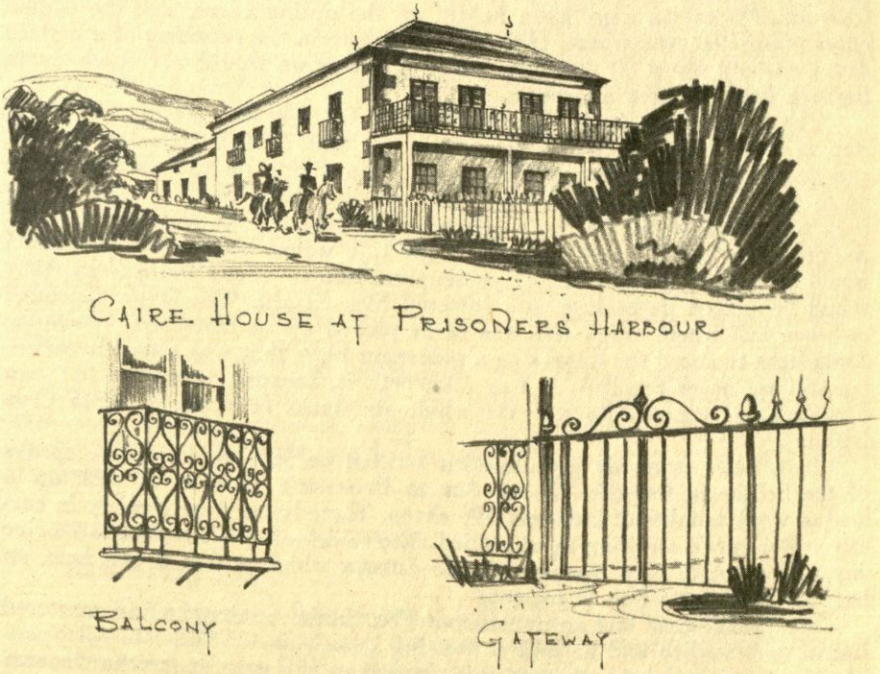
Concerning those French type houses at the Main Ranch, Mr. Justinian Caire built one for himself and family and the other for the use of the superintendent and business guests.

The family house had three rooms upstairs all with French doors opening on the balcony and on the rear of the house was an outside stairway. Downstairs in the center of the house was a sitting room and in each corner of the house was a bedroom opening into it, as well as on the outer porch. In the lower rear near the foot of the stairway was a small bathroom, with running cold water. As occasion required, hot water from the outer kitchen could be brought in to take off the chill; I can still visualize the tall, green-spruted containers which served the purpose.

The family dining room, also separate from the main house, was not far from the cook house.

The important part of the houses were the front gardens—my grandparent's pride and joy. The house at Prisoner's Harbor was built for the use of any one wanting to remain overnight, either before leaving the island or on arrival. Actually, I don't think it was much occupied at the time.

These houses were all built right where they are standing today; those at the Main Ranch may be before 1880 and those on the outer ranches up to 1886 and 1889.



One of the houses built by Justinian Caire at Prisoner's Harbor. Drawn by Robert I. Hoyt for "Noticias" from photographs taken in 1920 by Mr. James R. H. Wagner.

ROBERT INGLE HOYT, A. I. A.
1115 CHAPALA STREET
ARCHITECT AND PLANNING CONSULTANT
SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA

July 21, 1959

Mr. Edward S. Spaulding
720 Mission Canyon Road
Santa Barbara, California

Dear Mr. Spaulding:

Comments on the house on Santa Cruz Island.

Handsomely proportioned masses and fenestration. Old world quoins at the corners, from the Italian Renaissance. Concave cornice treatment, nicely executed with the quoins carried into it.

Ironwork of beautiful design and execution, beautifully in scale with the building. The spiraling of the metal is full of fast curves that could be the product of only the most sensitive and highly skilled hand. The use in balconies and the rear stair indicates a completeness and richness of supply not to be expected in an outland area.

The metal work appears, from photographs, to include two materials, the major work which is obviously of good old soft wrought iron, and brass which seems to appear in the finials used on the roof and the gateposts. The fence spikes appear also to be of a similar material.

In interesting contrast is the painting of the surrounds at the windows. This is a primitive method common among the Channel Indians and to be found on the crude works of the truly mission character.

It was fun,

Sincerely

Robert I. Hoyt

RIH:d

Of course, my grandfather had a knack when he interviewed laborers to find out from them what trade they had pursued in the Old Country and thus make use of their talents.

He was a man of imagination. When the market for wool was very low, at one time, he refused to accept the low offer and he built a brick warehouse at Prisoner's Harbor, and stored his sacked wool there until the market improved. Of course, the bricks were made and baked right on the spot, and many old lime kilns still show evidence of having been used in the distant past.

All the forges and shops of all kinds were principally at the Main Ranch.

Sometime in the Spring of 1896 my grandfather had a slight stroke while at Santa Cruz Island and a ship was sent to bring him to Oakland. I remember pasting clippings in a book for him—several concerning carrier pigeons; he was worrying about communications between the Island and the mainland. As I look back, now, it seems to me, that medical science didn't do very much to help him recover. He was a robust man all his life, but of course I remember mostly his very blue eyes and wavy gray hair.

He died at his home on December 10, 1897.

(Translations of letters from the French)

Laplaya (Santa Cruz Island) June 15, 1895.

My dear Maria,

With great pleasure, we have read your little note of May 27 in which you related the ceremony of your First Communion.

You must have been very happy according to all reports, particularly on seeing yourself surrounded by so many who are dear to you. No doubt you will cherish happy memories of this solemnity. As to us, grandmother and I, as well as aunt Aglaé, were very happy to hear that you offered up for your grandparents, the first prayers said on the new rosary; that, my little Maria can't help but bring you much happiness throughout your life. Now, you would be wise in telling us, if this was suggested to you by someone, or was it a thought of your own; nevertheless, whatever its origin, your good intention is not forgotten by those upon whom you called down the blessing of The Almighty.

You seem to be enjoying your stay in San Rafael; your brothers and sisters will certainly share the same pleasure.

You will embrace every member of the family, the older ones and the little ones as well and you will try to keep us informed as often as possible.

Your affectionate grandfather

Justinian Caire

(Must have been written in 1894 when the Midwinter Fair came to San Francisco.)

My dear Maria,

Grandma and I have decided to ask you to beg your uncle Domenico (my father's brother) to come to the Island for a couple of days. Try to invite him so convincingly, so very graciously, that he won't dare refuse you.

We could take advantage of your vacation time to accompany you, Maria and the twins. Wouldn't that be a propitious occasion for you three?

Be courageous, go about it tactfully and your uncle Arthur could plan your arrival in Santa Barbara to coincide with the delivery of the gasoline.

Here (at the Main Ranch) there is a darling little boy who could be a good playmate for the twins.

A big kiss for you all

Justinian Caire.

P. S. You must be broken of your habit of lisping while speaking because the public is beginning to make fun in this regard.

Santa Rosa Island

By Dr. Perry G. M. Austin

In the late nineties in Santa Barbara, I grew up in the More family, who owned Santa Rosa Island. My mother was a More and many years of her childhood were spent in the simple, New England style, white ranch house at Bechers Bay. Across the Santa Barbara Channel was More's Landing, a regular stop for coast-wise steamships—before the days of the railroad. It was one outlet for shipping of cattle and grains and the abundant walnut crop which for years was the wealth of Goleta Valley. Many tons of asphaltum, also, were shipped from this landing. There was always a close connection between this More ranch on the mainland and the island ranch of Santa Rosa. It was to More's Landing in Goleta that sheep and cattle were shipped from the Island in the trim schooner "Santa Rosa". One of my prize possessions is a large painting of this once familiar ship done by its well known captain, A. B. Thompson.

Among my most cherished memories are the stories my mother would tell of her life on the island. In the brilliant moonlight she sometimes would look out on a bleak landscape dotted with great white sand dunes—a lonely place for an imaginative girl. The next morning, perhaps, she would look out —and the sand dunes were gone. It was the ever present winds that had picked them up and placed them in another, far distant spot! Another world it was—and, oh, so lonely!

But this island life provided many diversions. Little gray foxes would scamper into the prevalent underbrush of holly, scrub oak, and the abundant iron wood. And there were wild flowers everywhere.

In the little white school house at Bechers Bay, my mother and her brothers, with children of the sheepherders, went to school. The Mores imported a school teacher from their ancestral home in Ohio to be guide, philosopher, and friend for the children on the Island. I well remember her as an old lady, this kindly soul, Mrs. Isbel, reputed to be the first white teacher in an American school in Santa Barbara County.

Sheep shearing time was, of course, the high point of the year. To this day, I vividly remember the stream of Chinese and Mexicans who came to our back door in Santa Barbara seeking my grandfather, John M. More, to be hired for another season of sheep shearing on the Island. The China-

men always would come bearing gifts of abalone pearls, choice silks from China, and, for the children of the family, lichee nuts, candied coconut, and tasty, preserved ginger in artistic octagonal green jars much treasured by Santa Barbarans of that era. Once hired, they sailed across the Channel for the important weeks of shearing of thousands of white wooled sheep for the markets of the world.

For the "Spaniards", the grand finale was always a kind of fiesta, mostly dancing in the shearing barns that were swept clean, with polished floors and gay decorations. To the music of guitars and violins and a piano they celebrated the end of another strenuous season of labor with its neatly stored harvest of precious wool. As a reward for work well done, there was a period of hunting, as there were on the Island many wild boar with their prized ivory tusks, the little gray foxes, and tender little deer peculiar to the Channel Islands.

It is a rather wild coast on Santa Rosa, with only two good harbors; and again, it is an island known for its many massive sand dunes. The almost continuous winds wrecked scores of vessels on its rocky shores and cliffs. For years we had in the family a great brass ship's bell bearing the name "The Crown of England"—a reminder of one of the many casualties in the rough seas that harrassed the Island.

The early history of this Channel Island reveals a primitive people known to us as Canalino Indians. The Natural History Museum in Santa Barbara contains a wing displaying a rare collection of artifacts, many of them taken from Santa Rosa Island, and graphic representations of the mud and straw dwellings of these ancient, primitive people. They were the earliest tribes in this region to develop a community life with a kind of central government and tribal center. When the Spaniards came into the scene in California, Santa Rosa Island was given by Governor Micheltorena, in 1834, to members of one of the ruling families in Santa Barbara—Don Carlos and Don Jose Carrillo. A royal gift it was, a wooded island fifteen miles long and ten miles wide, with a mountainous terrain rising to a height of 1,589 feet, visible for forty miles. It subsequently was purchased by the More Brothers, who introduced cattle and race horse stock in addition to the traditional sheep. The Island was bought by Vail Vickers Company of San Francisco in 1902, and they are still its owners, grazing some of the finest cattle to be found in the West.

Recent archaelogical excavations on the Island, by the Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History, have revealed perhaps the earliest dated evidence of mans existence on the Western Hemisphere. Buried dwarf mammoth bones gave evidence of being pulled apart in such a way that the scientists concluded they had been barbecued and eaten by humans on Santa Rosa Island 29,650 years ago!

Today, there is a persistent dream that not only Santa Rosa, but all the Santa Barbara Channel Islands, may one day become a state or national park—forever the treasure of the whole American people. May this dream become a reality.

The Cabrillo Monument on San Miguel Island

By Isaac Antonio Bonilla

Little did I know of the trials and tribulations that were to be forthcoming when on October 27th, 1936, I received a call from Dr. Joaquim Leite. Dr. J. R. S. Leite, Grand Historian of The Cabrillo Civic Clubs Inc. of San Francisco, had been in communication with Mr. Wallace Penfield of Santa Barbara, asking his advice on a person qualified and willing to undertake the mission of getting a fitting monument to San Miguel Island. This monument was to be placed on the island as a memorial to the Portuguese explorer, Juan Rodrigues Cabrillo.

Mr. Penfield had received information to the effect that I was a direct descendant of a noted explorer named Bonilla. (1)

Dr. Leite informed me that the target date to dedicate the monument would be January 3rd, 1937.

Dedication of the monument was to start a campaign to rename San Miguel Island in honor of Cabrillo. A resolution was introduced by Assemblyman Yorty at Sacramento, in 1936, to change the name of San Miguel to Cabrillo Island. This name change was to take place on the 400th anniversary of Cabrillo's death, January 3rd 1942.

With all this information as to the purpose back of the proposed expedition, I set forth upon it with a stout heart.

First, I had a suitable granite monument made of a cross on a base in two pieces (for ease of handling) and then I wrote to Herbert Lester, the caretaker of San Miguel Island, explaining our contemplated pilgrimage to Cabrillo's Isle of burial.

I made arrangements with a local fisherman that, in return for grubstaking him for the winter, he would attempt to land me and the monument on San Miguel at Cuyler's Harbor.

Mr. Lester had sent a sketch of the harbor showing where best to land and where he would be able to meet us with a horse and sled for transportation to the headland he had selected as a suitable location for the monument. We made five trips to Cuyler's Harbor in a 35-foot fishing boat and on one occasion it was necessary to lay inside the harbor for four days because the seas were breaking white across the bar at the entrance. We laid to under the lee of the cliff and put the cross and base in the skiff, ready to make a try for it through the breakers; but I was afraid we would lose one or both pieces overboard and so, finally, I gave up. The breakers were at times fifteen feet high on the beach. I felt it best to return again to port without having completed our task. I wrote to Dr. Leite reporting that at this time of year the only way we could get on the island was by air and that I would call on George Hammond, who was a friend of the Lesters and had landed his plane on the island many times, for assistance. (Mr. Hammond and Dr. Leite had

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(1) Francisco Leiva Bonilla; a Portuguese explorer, sometime between 1594 and 1596, had followed Coronado's trail in search of the seven cities of gold, up the trail from what is now El Paso to the plains beyond Santa Fe, New Mexico, which Onate called "The Journey of Death". This illustrious explorer was killed by his aide, Juan de Humana. I have in my possession many papers from the Colorado Historical Society which leave very little doubt in my mind that my ancestry is of this same Bonilla.

flown over earlier in the year to confer with Mr. Lester and to select a suitable site for the monument.)

The plan to fly the monument or to try again in a small boat was decided to be too risky and, as the time was now growing short, Dr. Leite decided to request the aid of the Coast Guard through the Consular office in San Francisco.

The target date of January 3rd now was only two weeks away, so we decided to take the monument along with us on the pilgrimage and set it up right then and there.

Many notables interested in early California history had been contacted and a caravan of Portuguese in cars came down from San Francisco and Monterey.

The Cabrillo Civic Clubs, who were sponsoring the pilgrimage, had selected the Carrillo Hotel as headquarters and on the evening before the crossing, after a toast to our venture with old Maderia wine, we met with Dr. Carlos Fernandes, the Brazilian Vice-Consul of San Francisco; G. Armas do Amarol, Portuguese Consul-General of San Francisco; Dr. R. S. Leite, professor of History, University of California; F. Sylva, San Francisco attorney and President of the Cabrillo Civic Clubs; and other local Portuguese. A resolution was passed at this gathering to make every effort to have San Miguel Island re-named Cabrillo Island.

San Miguel Island has had many names in the past: in 1542, upon discovery by Cabrillo, "Isla de San Lucas"; then "Isla de la Posesion," "Isla de Juan Rodriguez," "Isla de San Berbardo," and, finally "San Miguel Island."

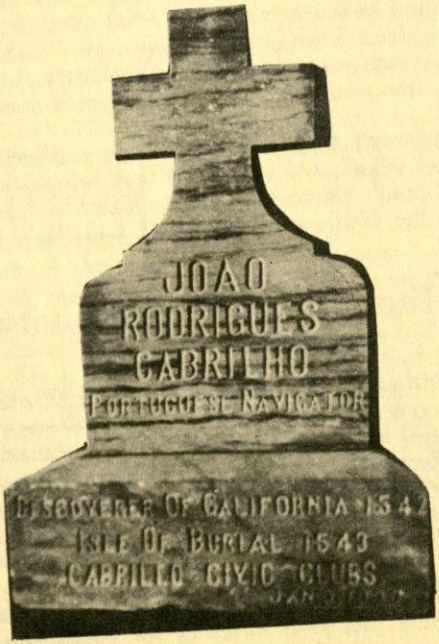
On the morning of January 3rd, 1937, after two years of planning and three months of my trys at landing at Cuyler's Harbor, we set forth on the Coast Guard cutter Hermes, in command of Lt-Comm. C. W. Thomas. We left Santa Barbara harbor at 9:00 a.m. and, after a very smooth crossing, we anchored at Cuyler's Harbor at 12:30 p.m.

The party was a large one and we were landed in the cutters longboats without shipping one drop of water. The Coast Guard boys did a marvelous job of bringing three boat loads of us ashore.

Herbert Lester, Mrs. Lester, and their two daughters were on the beach, along with the horse and sled, to greet us and welcome us to their island Kingdom. Mr. Lester was resplendent in his own designed uniform as master of the island.

The pilgrimage was made up of many notables. I will attempt to name only those I am able to remember. They were John R. White, (Superintendent of Sequoia National Park and the Cabrillo Monument on Point Loma) Grand President Manuel Sylvia, Father Hobrecht and Father Noonan of The Santa Barbara Mission, Brazilian Vice-Consul Dr. Carlos Fernandes, Dr. Louis Moderno, representing the local Portuguese people, City Councilman C. M. Graham, Geo. MacCulloch, representing the Native Sons of the Golden West, Mrs. Bonilla and our son Kenneth, representatives of the Morning Press, United Press and The Los Angeles Times, also G. Armas do Amoral Portuguese Consul-General. The ladies of the group who did not want to try the crossing were entertained during the day by the Reina Del Mar Parlor, Native Daughters of the Golden West.

Mr. Lester had a spot prepared on a knoll overlooking the harbor and had erected a large mound of boulders all ready to receive the cross.



Father Noonan blessed the location and Dr. Leite gave a wonderful talk on the famous explorer, Juan Rodrigues Cabrillo. Dr. Leite also told of other famous explorers who were of Portuguese nationality. Mr. Lester ran up the American flag on a staff he had erected. The flag of Portugal was lifted to unveil the monument, finally at rest atop the mound of rocks.

The Monument read *'Joao Rodrigues Cabrilho Portuguese Navigator Discoverer of California 1542 Isle of Burial 1543 Cabrillo Civic Clubs Jan. 3, 1937"*. Note the spelling. As being native, as we know it, it is the Anglo-sized version. The monument is about 40 inches high and the mound of rocks about 48 inches high. From the moment one enters the harbor at Cuyler's, the cross can be seen as it sets high against the skyline. The knoll where the cross is located is east of the fresh water stream that runs down to the anchorage. I feel that, if there was any good holding ground for an anchor to grasp, this would be it. After having laid out a storm for four days there, I feel that, if Cabrillo is buried on this Island, we placed the cross as near to his grave as any one could do.

Mrs. Lester had prepared a feast for all of us and, after a wonderful meal, we were conducted through the large rambling old house and shown Mr. Lester's large collection of mementos. There were parts of many old shipwrecks, island artifacts of Indian origin and many items that had drifted in from the Orient. We also visited the smallest school in the United States, two seats and the teacher's chair. (Mrs. Lester was a certified teacher to her two daughters.) We embarked, finally, for Santa Barbara, reluctant to leave such fine hosts. We were tired but happy and I say we, as there were many who helped us to accomplish our task.

The following year Capt. Geo. Dewey, of our local Port, spent some time with Mr. Lester on the island painting the rocks of the mound white and setting them in concrete. To my knowledge, it still stands buffeted by wind and sand keeping its lonely vigil over what many believe to be Juan Cabrillo's last resting place. Perhaps not exactly over Cabrillo's grave, as the spot where the cross sets was selected by Mr. Lester, but I feel that, had I been in command, this would have been the spot I would have buried my leader.

As we bade farewell to Mr. Lester, Deputy Sheriff of Rancho Rambouillet, San Miguel Island, we all vowed that we would do our utmost to have San Miguel Island's name changed to Cabrillo Island and attempt to have this done on the 400th anniversary of Cabrillo's burial.

The Wreck of the Cuba

By Horace A. Sexton

Back in Prohibition days, on September 9th, 1923, Captain Eaton dropped into my shop about 4 P.M. with the news that there was a liner aground on San Miguel Island. He said it was from South America and surely had liquor aboard and for me to grab all the cash I could gather and meet him at the wharf as soon as possible. It was a convenient time for me and, as I always enjoyed these short trips with Ira. I was aboard when, just before sunset, the "Sea Wolf" headed for a spot somewhere around San Miguel Island.

Ira figured if she was from South America, the ship must be around the west end or south side; so, after cruising the south side, we finally came

upon her about midnight at the extreme west end of the island. Locating her was not difficult, for she was ablaze with lights. As we couldn't get to her through the reef in the darkness, we dropped back around a headland into Southeast Harbor to wait until morning.

At daylight, we could make out a tent on shore, so we put off in the skiff to the beach. Here we met the captain, third officer, and two South American stewards of the Pacific Mail Liner, "Cuba", who were cooking breakfast. The captain told us the story of how the ship was grounded—it seems that he had shot the sun three days before and had been running through fog ever since. He had given orders to be called at midnight, which would give him ample time to check his bearings with Richardson Rock Light, but was still in his bunk at four A.M. when she grounded, two miles off her course. He said some of the forty passengers had been put ashore in life-boats and others, while cruising outside in the ship's motor-boat, were sighted by one of the surviving torpedo boats from the Honda wreck. This wreck, in which several torpedo boats were destroyed, coincidentally happened the same night.

The torpedo boat put back and took on board all the passengers from the beach, together with a million dollars in bullion, the ship's papers, and, much to our disgust, some of the liquor. When we brought the news that his passengers had all arrived safely in San Pedro, the Captain was greatly relieved and asked us to breakfast. After trying to eat raw ham in scrambled eggs, we took him and his followers on board the "Sea Wolf" and ran around the point to the wreck. There we found the "Cuba" hard aground on a rock about midship, with bow and stern hanging free, her port-rail nearly awash and the bow pointing seaward and pretty well down.

The freighter "Homer" was standing by outside and had worked all night by lights from the wireless batteries, transferring all the coffee that was still dry from the after hold. The third officer of the "Cuba" claimed he had several cases of liquor, so we made a deal with him for the lot. When he took us aboard, we were all terribly disappointed to find that the crew of the "Homer" had located the hiding place. However, we got away with a few deck chairs, fire extinguishers, etc.; but the Captain asked us to lay off, which we did. About nine o'clock, the "Homer" completed loading the coffee and received wireless orders to proceed to San Francisco. They took with them the Captain and crew from the "Cuba" and we were told that the guards for the ship were on their way from San Pedro and should arrive any minute.

No sooner was the "Homer" out of sight than we made fast the "Sea Wolf" to the lee rail of the stranded ship. We started to work frantically loading whatever took our fancy, expecting every minute to see the guards appear. It would be impossible for me to list the articles that we removed that morning. Ira, Leno, a kid deck-hand, and I worked like mad to get all we could before the arrival of the guards. We even had the dining room chairs stacked on the forward hatch with other things ready to load, when we sighted a water-taxi, bouncing towards us. This was a signal to load fast if we were to get what we had cut loose. There were four men on the taxi, three with guns on their hips. The afternoon swell was coming in and the water was choppy, so one of the visitors held the taxi off, while the other three stood on the "Sea Wolf" and ordered us to put everything back on board.

"Keep loading," Ira said, and we did just that.

The main guard got very abusive while standing up there but Ira said: "Keep loading, boys."

Finally after using some of the choicest profanity I have ever heard, and working himself up to a fever heat, this guard threatened to shoot the next man that moved. I was sure he meant what he was saying and, believe me, I was plenty scared. Ira, perfectly calm, walked to the rail, and said:

"What right have you got to abuse us this way?"

"Here is my authority," the guard said, and threw down a telegram, which Ira read and handed back to him, and said to the rest of us:

"Keep loading."

This brought forth a volley of cursing and threats and I thought surely he would cut loose on all of us. But Ira, with no fear at all, grinned, walked over to him, and said:

"Mr.! That telegram says you were sent here to guard this ship and I figure you have not arrived here yet." Turing to us, he said: "Keep loading, boys."

As soon as the guard figured this out, he jumped down on the deck of the "Cuba."

"Okay, boys," Ira said. "Get aboard. The guard has arrived, so we are through."

Every swell that came in caused the spray to sweep the deck from the starboard side and the "Sea Wolf" was surging badly by now. The Cuba was creaking and groaning down below where the rock was grinding its way up into the boilers.

After Leno had started the engine, Ira told me to run up forward and cast off the big two-inch hauser that we had used to make the "Sea-Wolf" fast. The guards stopped me and said:

"Like h--- you will! That line belongs to the ship."

"How can you prove that?" Ira asked. "One end is fastened here and the other end is fastened there and I say it's mine."

Ira saw that I was on the spot, (and I really was on the spot) so he said:

"By the way, are you fellows going to spend the night on board here? There is a bad ground swell and a sea making up, and, by the way the rivets are popping, I believe this ship will crack in two before morning."

This certainly gave the guards something to think about as they could not beach their gear with the water-taxi. The boatman had his hands full keeping the water-taxi clear and was anxious to get back to San Pedro. Finally the guards wisely decided they had better bargain with us. So Ira made a deal to put them ashore in our skiff if they would help us load the remainder of the plunder that we had collected, with some hams and bacon that we had neglected to bring up from the refrigerator room. The banging and groaning, as the plates buckled down below, helped the guards to make up their minds and, after loading, they cast off the hauser forward for us.

It was with a sigh of relief that we crossed the rip-tide between Santa Cruz and Santa Rosa, for the "Sea Wolf's" hold and cabin were crammed full and a heavy deckload lashed on, which brought her scuppers awash. We reached Pelican Bay about 11 P.M.

I never expect to be as tired and hungry again in my life as I was when I sat down to that swell meal that Gilchrist cooked for us upon our arrival. Aside from the raw ham and scrimbled eggs on shore and some crackers and cheese we had found on board the "Cuba", we had taken no time off for eating.

Needless to say, we had found no liquor after the crew of the 'Homer" had combed the ship, but we did find a half-empty bottle that someone had hidden in the pedals of the player piano. Also, they had overlooked several packages of marijuana, which we found in a paint locker. This Ira estimated to market at about thirty dollars, but threw into the ocean through a porthole in disgust.

It might be interesting to know that what we did in ransacking the "Cuba" was perfectly legal, owing to a technicality—the captain had neglected to drop his anchor and the ship was abandoned without being tied, even though hard aground.

Ira afterwards bought the whole ship and cargo for $700.00, but realized little from it, aside from the first day's plunder. It took so long for the transaction to be completed with Lloyds of London that the cargo of coffee had been too long under water and oil from the fuel tanks made salvaging operations very expensive and dangerous.

Arguello-Concepcion Dangerous Headland

By James Schermerhorn

Standing near the bluff's edge at Honda, you can see the clean sweep of the breakers forming far out to sea and, when the wind is strong, advancing four and five in a line, their crests frothing and tumbling white, their ends reaching from point to point of land.

There is nothing in this wide expanse of view, losing itself in misty continuations of shore and cliff on either hand, or in the serenly rolling fields of grass, or the single stretch of railroad track that winds along the bluff, to suggest that this particular place had shown over many years, with surprising suddenness and unquesionable finality each time, the simple fact that sailors err.

Honda is only one small part of the square-shaped thrust of land that stands out into the ocean from Santa Barbara County, marked by Point Arguello at the extreme northern tip and Point Concepcion on the south. It is an important and even a famous section of the western American coast because of the amazing number of ships that have slipped onto the sand or crashed into the rocks to end their days there.

So many ships have gone down on this headland that it is called today, even beyond our own country boundaries, the "Graveyard of the Pacific," or, "The Cape Horn of the Pacific Coast."

This point of land has been vested with a certain amount of mystery, partly, we suppose, because of the aura of romance that has always been associated with the sea; partly, too, because story tellers have endowed such places with near-human or god-like qualities for centuries and, in their tables, have shown them wielding great power or levying terrible punishment; or have graced them with sirenic maidens and other lures to test the morally innocent and destroy the morally corrupt.

The the Arguello-Concepcion headland is considered with some awe by people who go no nearer the sea than a high bluff or a sandy beach while on a Sunday stroll, people who have heard stories of mysteries peculiar to that place alone. There is one story that affirms, for instance, that magnetic rock in the mountain chain behind the headland twists awry the

compasses of passing ships. But that is, in slightly different form, again the story of the siren on the rocks.

There is no mystery. Honda is a beautiful, at times, a wildly beautiful place. Especially from the sea, in a small boat, it can be a frightening place. From time to time, ships have run upon it, and, once on that shore, there is little chance of getting off again; but there have always been good reasons for these shipwrecks.

A passenger on the big coastal steamer "Santa Rosa," for instance, when that ship was grounded at Honda in 1911 (on the exposed section of coast two miles inside Point Arguello) suggested that the ship's officers and crew members were far too preoccupied with their winnings in a prize fight held in San Francisco two days earlier to deal properly with their duties.

The father of the Santa Rosa's second mate (the young man was drowned trying to carry a lifeline ashore through the surf) charged that the ship was run aground purposely, to collect the insurance.

There were many other charges and counter-charges after the Santa Rosa was wrecked. Official inquiry into the accident revealed a number of more pertinent reasons than those I have given: The captain was asleep and someone forgot to call him. He may well have put his ship slightly off her course earlier. A stray current may have put her inshore. A light on the cliff up the coast from Honda, used by railroad workmen repairing a washout, appeared to the confused ship's officers to be the light at Point Arguello. There seems little doubt these all contributed in part. There was one unspoken reason, however: the point of land itself, which does not allow room for error!

The California coast turns south and east below San Francisco as the continent begins to narrow toward Panama. Sixty miles down the coast from San Francisco Bay lies Monterey. The light that marks that city's bar and headland was established there in 1855. Just beyond, on a prominent headland, is the Point Sur light. It marks a turn in the coast, inland. Point Arguello lies eighty miles farther on.

If you imagine a box thrust half off a table's edge, that, insofar as navigating a ship is concerned, is the shape of the Arguello-Concepcion headland. It thrusts 12 miles out into the sea from the general contour of the coast, and a ship, to make the turn into the Santa Barbara Channel, must make a tight turn in order to miss San Miguel Island and the rocks that lie around it.

In older days, before science added a trick or two to navigation, it was necessary for ships traveling this route to move from one light to the next along this coast. There were only three such lights, that at Point Sur, a small one at Point Sal, 58 miles south, and the light—not a very bright one—at Point Arguello. Sailors had to see the lights because their trips from port to port were too brief to allow for navigation by sun or stars. They were forced to cling close to the element that has always been the most dangerous to ships, the land itself.

Nor was it always easy for them to see Arguello light. The mists set in first and leave last there. Point Concepcion, only eleven miles to the southeast and forming the southern-most tip of the headland, may be seen clearly on a starlit night at the same moment, perhaps, that Arguello is shrouded in fog.

The story of the Santa Rosa's last voyage is perhaps as good an example as can be found of the perils inherent in navigating this headland.

It is also an interesting shipwreck story on its own account.

Some of the sidelights to the Santa Rosa incident, gleaned from a reading of the Santa Barbara newspapers, "*Morning Press*," and, "*The Independent*," are interesting. They indicate something of the times, perhaps something of the coastal steamship lines themselves that well might have had indirect bearing on the Santa Rosa's loss.

For instance, those newspapers gave notice that a rival line to the Pacific Coast Steamship Company, which owned the Santa Rosa, had two new, slim ships in operation on the coast, the Harvard and the Yale. They had not stopped in Santa Barbara yet, but, nonetheless, they were described here in glowing terms.

One newspaper charged in more than one news story between January and July of that year that a drop in rates by the Santa Rosa's company foretold that a steamship rate war was in the offing. Company officials were quoted as denying it. The news stories suggest that the two newer ships were causing serious competition.

Otherwise, there was little shipping news that year. At times in the city's past, the newspapers had regularly chronicled the ships that came and left again. Now, the arrivals and departures of the Santa Rosa, which stopped here twice each week, each Sunday at 9 p.m. and each Friday at 9 a.m., went largely unheralded, except by regular advertisements in one of the newspapers.

Yet the trains, which had run through Santa Barbara and on to San Francisco for only nine years, were welcomed warmly. The newspapers noted visitors and vacation-bound Santa Barbarans who rode them.

What of the Santa Rosa? She had been welcomed happily by Santa Barbara when she first pulled in alongside Stearns Wharf in 1884. Launched earlier that year at Chester, Pa., she was a brand new ship then. She was handsomely furnished belowdecks. Her two tall smokestacks stood nearly straight-up and her cargo masts and booms stood even higher. A single mast amidships carried the Flag.

She was 326½ feet in length, and was capable of carrying many passengers and many tons of freight and produce to and from Santa Barbara swiftly and comfortably.

But she was a ship 27 years old in coastal service when, on July 6, 1911, she began her last voyage out of San Francisco Bay with 78 tons of merchandise and just a few of her more than 200 passengers scheduled to be left at Santa Barbara.

At a point between the mainland and the Farallone Islands, the Santa Rosa was turned south and eastward. Night came and with its coastal fog, although the ocean itself was apparently clear enough. Other ships could be seen and identified, perhaps not alone because of good visibility; but also because a sailor at night can identify a ship he is familiar with by its lights. The big ship had traveled this route twice each week for many years, so often and so regularly this might almost have been considered a commuter run.

Her captain was J. O. Faria. He was a relief captain on this particular run while the ship's regular chief officer was on vacation. The first mate was William Jackson. The second mate was Edward E. Hewson, who, with three of the ship's crew, died after the wreck—the only casualties. The third officer, the officer who had the deck when the ship went aground early the next morning, was E. J. Thomas.

The Santa Rosa was turned down the coast, following its outline and staying close enough to pass near the headland at Point Sur, where the next and most precarious turn was indicated.

Captain Faria, of course, was navigating early that evening as the ship approached the Point Sur light. This was the point at which he must estimate his distance from the headland. But the headland was shrouded in mist. The Point Sur light could not be seen. Instead, only the sound of its lonely siren pierced the coastal fog.

As he admitted afterward during the hearings, Captain Faria made his bearing on that siren "with a good deal of guesswork." He waited until he believed the siren to be four miles astern, then turned down the coast on the course he had selected toward Arguello.

Between his ship and the headland now was but one navigational light, the second of the three, that at Point Sal fifty-eight miles away. Captain Faria claimed afterward that he told his second officer, Edward Hewson, to note in the log that he was to be awakened when Point Sal was passed. The only reason for doing so, we must assume, was to give himself a chance to check his position again and more carefully before approaching Point Arguello; for it is at Point Sal, or shortly beyond it, that the coast begins to turn out again toward the sea to form the Arguello headland. After giving these instructions, the captain lay down on his bed with his clothes on and went to sleep.

Whether Hewson did or did not make that note in the log is not made clear in the newspaper accounts, but it doesn't matter. We aren't attempting to fix blame here, but are only showing the small latitude for error Capt. Faria was to be allowed.

It is a strong possibility that the Santa Rosa was even then a few degrees to the east of her proper course and moving steadily nearer the land, but the error must have been a small one since the officrs on duty could not tell they were in error by comparing her course with those of other ships they passed that were bound for or returning from the Santa Barbara Channel.

Captain Faria's supposed error at the Point Sur headland is not the only possible cause of the impending disaster. It is also possible that a current was thrusting the ship sideways and to the left so that her course was not accurately indicated by the ship's compass. It is certain the ship was not moving in exactly the straight line her compass pointed. Ships rarely do. But which of these two possibilities was the case? I don't know. Both may have been true together. However it was, the miles passed behind the Santa Rosa.

The second officer turned the deck over to the third officer and went to bed. Thomas said later he was not told about the order to call the captain at Point Sal light. He said he did not see such an order in the log.

A seaman went on watch at midnight to stand lookout for other ships and lights. Two hours later, he was to relieve the helmsman. He was quartermaster Dan F. Kilkerry.

At 12:45 a.m. Third Officer Thomas saw the lights of a ship and sent for the captain. He thought it was the steamship President, Thomas said later. His father was its captain. But Faria, once on deck, identified it as no more than a tug. The visibility then was four or five miles. The shore was still shrouded in mist. That did not matter now for, on their supposed (and actual) course, they were at that time diverging somewhat from the curving

shoreline immediately opposite them. No one was alarmed. Captain Faria went back to bed.

Thomas was still on watch when the Point Sal light was passed. There was still mist along the shore. There is no mention in newspaper accounts that anyone saw the light, or that the ship's course was changed. At 2 a.m., Dan Qilkerry took the wheel. An hour went by. The captain still was not called. Kilkerry and Thomas were watching for the light at Point Arguello.

Then Thomas thought he saw it, there at the left of the ship's bow, where it should have been. The shore still was not visible. There was only that condition of nearly clear ocean that stretched, as far as anyone could tell, in front of them for 30 miles or so without obstruction. The light was at their left. The third officer must have been comforted by the sight of it, for there is nothing else at sea, no tree, no familiar corner, to show the sailor where he is. Now there was the light, showing them the ship was well clear of the land.

But soon there was another light, this one at their right. Another steamer, safe in the steamer lane? Third officer Thomas's father's ship, perhaps? Thomas said afterward that he though it was that, the light of a steamer.

It was now nearly 3:30 a.m. There were only minutes left before they would discover there was not open sea in front of them. Thomas puzzled over what he believed to be the Arguello light, moving now past the ship at their left. Then he looked again to the other light at the right and saw that the angle between the two was increasing in a manner that convinced him that the steamer to his right was not moving, or else that it was moving strangely for that tight turn around the point.

Kilkerry said later he knew then the light at their left was a railroad light. He could see it moving around, he said.

Thomas sent for the captain.

Members of the crew estimated later that there were only two minutes left when Captain Faria came on deck. He looked astern, at the light the ship passed, and asked, "What light it that?"

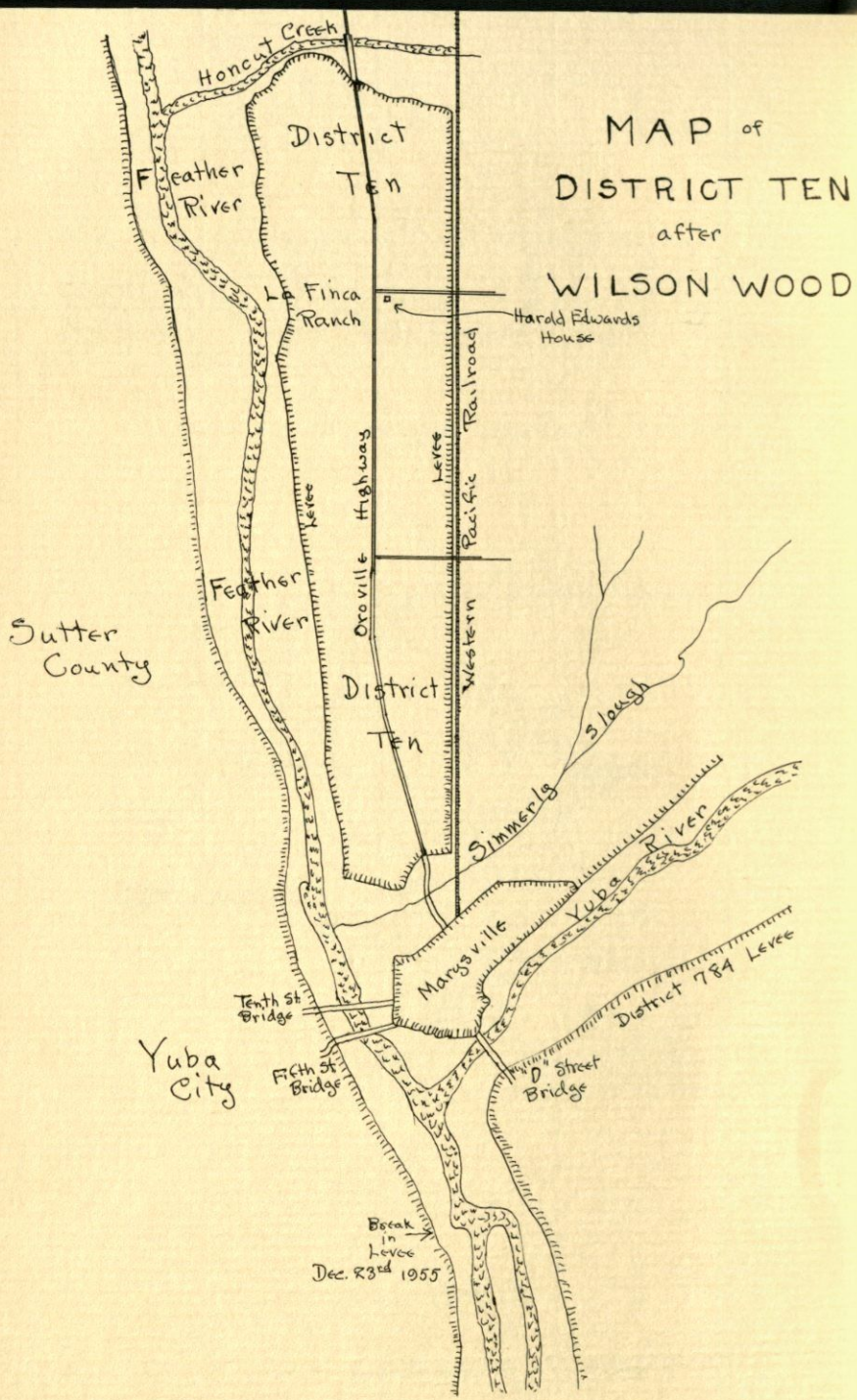
He said later that Thomas answered him, "The Point Arguello light, I guess."

The captain's next act was to question the third officer's neglect of the message the captain had left, directing that he be awakened. Thomas turned and went back to look again at the log. No one, in these moments, had given Kilkerry the order to change course. Now it was too late.

The shore and the sound of the breakers ahead, where the open sea should have been, came to the officers too suddenly! There was even then no order to the helmsman. Which way would Faria have had him turn? The captain, just awakened, did not even then know—the engine was in reverse and the ship's bottom was scraping deep into the sand—where he was.

Even in his first communication to the shore, the ship by now held fast but apparently unhurt, (he still believed that he could get it off again), he announced that he was grounded on the other side of Point Arguello. He still believed the railroad workmen's light was Point Arguello. The real Arguello beacon at his right he still took for Point Concepcion, eleven miles away.

Instead, the Santa Rosa had failed to clear Point Arguello by two miles, and it was to remain in the sand—clearly in view at low tide and when the sand was washed away—for more than half a century.



COVER DECORATION

The silhouette of mallard ducks and bare limbs of river trees was done by David Hagerbaumer, formerly on the staff of the Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History. It is used on the cover of this issue of *Noticias* because the Feather River was named by the Spaniards "Rio de las Plumas", due to the immense concentrations of waterfowl that they found there.

NOTICIAS

QUARTERLY BULLETIN OF THE
SANTA BARBARA HISTORICAL SOCIETY
MAILING ADDRESS: OLD MISSION, SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA

THE GREAT YUBA-FEATHER RIVERS FLOOD
December, 1955

By HAROLD S. EDWARDS

I shall attempt to describe the recent Flood as I saw it and as I heard first-hand reports of it. I hesitate to mention what I did during these trying hours, as my part was really so insignificant compared to those of scores of brave, able men who found themselves shoved suddenly into places of great responsibility and upon whose shoulders rested the lives and possessions of so many. However, this is the story of the Great Flood as seen through the eyes of just one resident of Reclamation District Ten, Yuba County, California.

The rains started on December 14 and continued on and off through December 27. The rainfall for December amounted to 17.86 inches. From December 17 through December 22, it rained 6.27 inches or over an inch a day for six days. This is based on the rain gauge of La Finca Orchards Company as recorded by Wilson Wood. The rainfall for the month of December is the greatest that Wilson has ever recorded in his twenty-five years of keeping records here.

We drove down to Alameda on Sunday, December 18, and drove home on the night of the 19th. It rained hard on Sunday. San Francisco Bay had angry water with big waves. On Monday, as we drove across the Oakland-San Francisco Bridge, the wind was terribly strong. That night, as we drove into Marysville across the Tenth Street Bridge, we could see that the Feather River was in flood. It was a solid sheet of muddy, turbulent water from the Yuba City levee to the Marysville levee. As we crossed the Simmerly Slough between the Marysville levee and the District Ten levee, we could see that the water was well over the old cemeteries and close to the base of the road.

Next morning, December 20, I found the water was at the base of our west levee. Several men from the ranch took a boat and motored across our bottom land at La Finca. Our entire bottom was under water, with about five feet coverage in the Gatefield. Over against the river, on the only piece of dry land, were eight heifer calves and eight jackrabbits. This strip of land was about twelve feet long and three feet wide. The water was going down and it was hoped that the calves would be saved. Their owner was going to feed them by bringing out hay in a boat.

On Wednesday, December 21, while the water still remained at the base of the levee, the general feeling was that, probably, the water soon

would be going down. At Rotary Club luncheon that day, I talked to Chuck Gross (successor to W. T. Ellis as manager of the Marysville Levee Commission) and Frank Booth (a Marysville Levee Commissioner). They did not seem to be too concerned about the prospects. Chuck mentioned to me that he was very anxious to have the various levee districts coordinate their interests more closely. There was no thought of any necessity to patrol District Ten levees that night. Some time during the day, I heard an interesting comment over the radio that trans-Pacific planes west bound were bucking a most unusual storm barrier. The report coming back from these planes was that this barrier was of amazing power. Several planes were reporting that they might have to turn back on account of a shortage of gasoline. East bound planes were making all-time speed records. It seemed that a tropical storm was moving in on us.

Very early in the morning of December 22, Wilson Wood was awakened by a warning that Honcut Creek, on District Ten's north levee, was rising rapidly. It was raining hard as high up on the Sierra as the 10,000 foot level, and all the snow was melting fast. In the mountains just above us, it had rained nearly 40 inches during the month. At Forbestown, 2,500 feet, it had rained 8 inches in one twenty-four hour period. (It was to rain 38 inches in an eleven day period.) The high water in the Honcut Creek meant that high water would be coming down the Feather River somewhat later. The report was that really high water would be arriving on Friday. That Thursday morning, I heard that the water would be higher than anything since 1928.

Gradually, during that morning, there was the undercurrent of the realization that once again we should have to fight water, something we had not done since 1940. My boys and I went to town around noon to buy flashlights and fuel for our camp stove in case the power went off. While the boys were in the store getting various supplies, they got some friendly kidding from the clerks about District Ten having to worry about floods.

We drove over to Yuba City across the Feather River on the Tenth Street Bridge. The water surely had come up a lot. It looked now as if the water was only a couple of feet from the old Fifth Street Bridge. We then drove across the Yuba River on the "D" Street Bridge. There were men on the Southern Pacific Railroad Bridge, guiding big pieces of debris under it. This was to keep the debris that was floating down stream from catching on the bridge. We stopped on the south side of the "D" Street Bridge and walked back to look over it. The Yuba was a roaring, massive, muddy body from levee to levee. Every so often, huge logs would come through. The shacks that had been built in the river's bed were flooded. We could see several cars that had been caught in the flood. We drove on a ways beyond the south levee of the Yuba, which guards the communities of Linda and Olivehurst. These had been flooded in 1950 when the Yuba jumped its bed to the east. It was easy to sense the restlessness of the people here. Already, there were many cars packed with personal belongings.

We then went through Marysville once more and headed for District Ten. The flood waters were supposed to go over the road at Simmerly Slough about two in the afternoon and to cut off this route to Marysville. As we now travelled this road, the water was about two feet from covering it. At about two o'clock in the afternoon, the highway patrol began stopping all but emergency traffic here. By 3:30, the road was gone. Then, as you stood

on the road on District Ten's south edge, there was nothing but a vast, muddy sea about three-quarters of a mile wide between Marysville's levee and ours. The road to Oroville, to the north of Honcut Creek, also had been flooded out. With this, we had become an embattled fortress.

Towards the end of the afternoon, there began quite a run on both stores within the District by people stocking up with food. Bread went first. Milk went next, although there really was not too much of a rush for this as everyone knew, with all the Dairies in the District, there could be no milk shortage. It was more likely that milk would have to be thrown away. The three levee commissioners of our District divided up their responsibilities for night patrolling: Reinard Helder took the area from Honcut Creek to the north line of La Finca, Wilson Wood took from the north line of La Finca down to the north line of Feather River Ranch, and Fred Shaeffer took from the north line of the Feather River Ranch down to the road at Simmerly Slough. I checked with Reinhard Helder and was asked if Sam, Blair, and I could relieve men on the levee at 10:00 P.M.

The three of us reported at our designated places somewhat before the appointed time. About dark, a driving rain had set in and now a gale-like wind was blowing. As it has been for several days, the air was unusually warm. It was the kind of storm that made it practically impossible to remain dry inside. We found the men terriby wet whom we had come to relieve. They had been on duty since seven. As the two boys had never patrolled a levee in flood time before, Sam and Blair relieved one man. They worked with a good system: one of them walked on the top of the levee and the other walked along the bottom of the land side. They used their flashlights to search for the tell-tale, tiny stream of water flowing down the side that would mean a growing leak.

We patrolled from 10:00 P.M. to 1:00 A.M. The wind blew so hard that the drops stung like needle points. Sometimes the gusts were so strong that I found I could lean into them and be supported upright. Each section of the levee being patrolled had a stick stuck in the river side of it, which marked where the water level was at a certain time. By this method, each patroller had a pretty fair idea as to whether the water was rising or falling and at what rate. Periodically, the levee commissioner would drive by in his pickup truck and check with each patroller, get his report as to what the water was doing and as to the condition of the levee in his section.

It is rather awsome for a man to look across a mile of angry water to the occasional lights on the Sutter County levee, to see the water whipped into waves like those on the ocean, and to hear them roaring and breaking. On some sections of the levee, where there were no willows or cottonwoods to give some protection, those waves were breaking on the levee itself. Although the height of the levee of District Ten varies, the average height is about fourteen feet. That Thursday night, the water was probably about seven feet from the top. By one A.M. the wind had subsided and the high water peak (crest) had been reached. The water was going down somewhat. When we went home, no one took our places, as it was believed safe.

In the northern third of the District, the pressure was not great. This pressure increased towards the south. A patrol was continued on the southern third until daybreak. I went to bed thinking that the worst was over. Thursday morning, my wife stopped to see a friend in Marysville. This friend, at that time, seemed to feel that Margaret was unduly concerned about the rising water, although she telephoned later to say that her heart sort of sank

when, in the afternoon, she saw the flood gate on the Marysville levee at the Simmerly Slough road closed and sandbagged, cutting off so dramatically District Ten from Maryville.

After this, another friend in Yuba City phoned Margaret to say that she was worried about us and would we not "play safe" and take the remaining road back to Marysville and come on to Yuba City, staying with them. That night, many in Maryville and almost everyone in Yuba City were sleeping soundly.

I awoke to an ominous atmosphere Friday morning: during the early hours, the Linda and Olivehurst areas south of Marysville had been evacuated. During these early hours, also, a plan of evacuation for Marysville had been drawn up. This was announced over the radio. It was to be adopted only if future condition warranted it. The levee commissioners of District Ten had received word that the Yuba and Feather Rivers would keep rising until the water at Marysville would be the highest in recorded history. The day before, we in District Ten had been conscious that everything was being done to keep the residents of Marysville from becoming frightened. Now, on Friday morning, it was easy to sense that the authorities were restless.

I drove down to the south levee of our District to see how things looked there. Such angry, muddy water between us and Marysville! It was hard to see the old cemeteries at all. I was impressed by the stillness in the District. The Oroville Highway, which usually had a pretty steady flow of traffic on it, seemed deserted. Only a slow-moving car now and then was to be seen. We smiled and waved to each other. We were alone in District Ten and there did not seem to be many of us.

The previous day, just before the Simmerly Slough road went out, I had seen one or two District Ten families deserting and going to Marysville to be "safe". Four or five days later, I saw a man in one of these families. I asked him what they had done. He sheepinshly admitted that they had fled to Marysville Thursday afternoon, fled to Yuba City Friday afternoon, and then fled even faster to Sutter City in the early morning of Saturday.

It was also interesting to note that, although your car would have gotten pretty wet, there was never a time during the flood that the escape route to the foothills was cut off from District Ten.

I went down the road at Feather River Ranch to look at the water at the levee there, and I found our neighbor, Joe Reherman, putting his tractors and farm equipment on the top of the levee. I drove up to La Finca. On the way, I could not help but be conscious of the presence of our levees to the east and to the west. For so long it had been easy almost to forget that they were there! Now, they seemed to stand out very clearly. We had become an embattled fortress and an enemy, which threatened soon to kill us and to destroy what we had, was getting ready to tear at the battlements. I went down La Finca Lane to look at the water at the levee there. Actually, the water at that time was not much higher than it had been on the morning of December 20; but it was beginning to rise quite rapidly. Before many hours were passed, it would be rising on the levee at the rate of 8 inches per hour. Besides sticks stuck in the levee side, Wilson Wood had had a pole fastened to the gate post at the foot of the levee. This pole had been marked so that one could read the height of the water above the base of the levee. It would remain in sight when gates and fences were submerged.

I found that Wilson had not had a real night's sleep since Monday night. (This was Friday morning.) I could not help but feel rather responsible for

Photo courtesy Marysville-Yuba City Appeal-Democrat

the heavy load now on his shoulders, as I put the pressure pretty strongly on him to accept the job of levee commissioner. Like the levees themselves, until now the three commissioners had been taken pretty much for granted. Now the whole beseiged community of District Ten looked to these men for their protection. Wilson told me that, based on previous levels he had taken, he figured that, if the levee should break at La Finca, the water would stand about six feet deep by the office. He had had his wife, Bernice, put the company's most valuable records on the top shelf of the office in the vault. In any eventuality, he thought, these ought to be safe.

I went to the Northern limits of the District, to Honcut Creek, where is a very clear water gauge on one of the piers of the bridge. Here, the water was boiling under the bridge and it was rising fast. I frankly was a bit concerned as to conditions here. The water was about five feet from the top of the levee. I could see that several of the old timers, too, were a trifle worried here; but they kept a cheery face, as did everyone I encountered during the trying times in our District. After some time, I went home.

It must have been about 9:30 A.M. when Margaret teld me that she had been talking to Barbara Kimmel in Marysville and had found her quite unhappy. Several of her friends in Yuba City were urging her to "play safe" and go to them. The Kimmels were wondering whether to stay at home or to go. It was a hard decision. A little while later, I called up the Kimmels and talked to Barbara and Charley. (There were no more patients at the Clinic, so the doctors and staff largely had gone home, too.) Charlie seemed to think it was wiser to stay at home. (Two days from then, the four Kimmels were expecting to come to our home for Christmas dinner.)

Barbara said to me: "Oh, Harold, if we ever get to your house on Christmas Day, I'm going to come through the door on my knees."

Knowing that she was feeling mighty unhappy, I said: "Barbara, you're not going to get drowned and the Marysville levees aren't going to break."

Little did I know how sorely my statement of assurance was soon to be tried!

Not long after this, I received the news that Marysville had been ordered to evacuate immediately. The order came over the radio at about noon. All ablebodied men were asked to stay behind and to fill sandbags on the levees. Everyone else in Marysville was ordered to be out by 4:00 P.M. They were told to throw their master switches and go! It was shocking news to us. It seemed as if it must be a dream. I had never believed that I should live to see the day when Marysville's population was emptied. Who would? Shortly afterwards, I went home again for a few minutes. Our radio (actually, radios) was on and tuned to Yuba City's station, KAGR. (Marysvills station, KMYC, had been driven off the air by the water.) For the next five days, our radio scarcely ever was off, as was the case in every home where people still were living.

Hannah Mary came over to me and threw her little arms around me, saying: "Just think, Daddy; tomorrow will be Christmas Eve."

It came to me as a shock how far away Christmas seemed.

Realizing how hard it was for the three levee commissioners to keep in touch with each other and how tired they were even before the Big Battle started, I went to each one and volunteered my services as their "messenger boy". I told them to expect me back by their side every hour, and that I would give the other two any messages they wished. This offer seemed to sound good to them, so, from then on, I tried to maintain this self-appointed job.

The day before, the commissioners had ordered 10,000 bags to be on hand. They also had ordered sand to be brought in by truck through the back way from Marysville. Friday, they ordered two cars full of sand from the Western Pacific Railroad, to be brought in from Oroville. The main transcontinental line of the Western Pacific is right at the east levee of District Ten. Towards dark, it was a joy to see a truckload of sand arriving at Simmerly Slough. It had been some time since anyone had come into the District. This raised our morale no end. Western Pacific men came in, also, to help in the battle that night. They have our gratitude.

About 2:30 P.M., Charlie Kimmel telephoned to say that the four of them were "safe and sound" at the Dr. Iverson's in Yuba City. It was a great relief to us to know that they were "safe".

During the night of Thursday, the gale had whipped up waves that had done considerable washing away of our east levee. Quite a bit of the levee had sloughed off. The waves had cut several bad washes in the south levee, also. If a wind should come up Friday night as strong as it was the night before, one wondered how the east levee could survive. During the afternoon, the commissioners had received word from the local head of the State Department of Water Resources that the Feather River had crested in the mountains (Las Plumas Power House) five feet higher than the day before. In this gentleman's opinion, this meant that the Feather River would crest on our levee about two and one-half feet higher than the day before. If he were correct, we should be all right, as there still would be a margin of safety on our entire levee system. Nevertheless, as conditions of all kinds

could alter the picture, there was no reason for us to feel sure about our safety. That night, as all six of us had an early supper, I found my voice breaking as I asked a blessing. It warmed my heart to have Sam and Blair make fun of me with a "What's eating you, Dad?", but I could not help but wonder how the following morning would find my home and family. (In 1937, our levee had broken.) Sam and Blair went upstairs to get some sleep. They were to go on the levee at midnight.

I left home to pick up a neighbor who was to accompany me that night. Before I went, I told Margaret that I truly believed that our levee was going to hold; but, if it did not and a wall of water swept down from the north, she should open all the doors and windows and go to the second floor. I promised her that I would come home if the levee broke. I truly did feel sure that the levee would hold. I had been a levee commissioner when the U. S. Army Engineers began plans to raise and thicken our levee system of District Ten. As much detailed contact seemed to be required of me and as it was shortly after my Father died and my hands were full, I had felt it was more than I could handle; so I had resigned from the Levee Commission in favor of a neighbor. However, I had been there long enough to get the picture of the proposed improvement. Because of this knowledge, I thought that we could hold out as long as any other levee district around. Incidentally, if that strengthening had not been accomplished and if we had only the levee of 1940, the water would have gone over the top Friday night or early Saturday morning.

I picked up my neighbor, Frank Morhofke, at about 7:00 P.M. It was cold and it was dark and it was raining. We first went to the northern end at Honcut Creek. The water was rising. We then stopped in at La Finca and checked with Wilson Wood. We went down to the levee there. It was vicious looking water and it was rising at about the rate of 8 inches per hour. The water made a strange, loud, lapping sound. Its surface had a yellowish light as far as one could see. I could hear a wave break every now and then. Frankly, as I stood on the top of the levee and looked down at the flood so close, and then looked at the land side and saw our orchards fifteen feet below, with the lights of homes beyond, my knees went weak and my heart beat like a triphammer. I was scared and I am not ashamed to say so (now). We went on down to the southern end at Simmerly Slough. The other two commissioners were down there. Men were filling sacks, which were being hauled in pickups to the washed-away places in the east levee. The flood gate across the Western Pacific tracks, of course, was closed and packed with sandbags. Bags were ready, if necessary, to be placed across the road at the summit of the levee. I could almost watch the water creeping up on the road. At first, we had understood that the water would crest at Marysville at 4:00 P.M. This turned out to be only a rumor spread because of the determination of the Marysville authorities to get all the people out by that time. I guess they used a little prodding by scare. By 7:00 P.M., I understood that the water would crest at 1:00 A.M.

It was an eerie sensation standing by a bonfire at our fortress' southern ramparts, looking across the vast expanse of muddy, churning water to the Marysville levee, and realizing that, except for the grim men filling sacks on their levees, the city was a ghost town. The normal glow in the night sky from Marysville lights was not there. It seemed quite dark. We felt so out of touch with the rest of the world! We were alone and our fate in those next hours depended on the District's levees natural strength and what we

few could do ourselves. Nobody could come to help us. I watched Fred Schaefer standing in the fire's glow, his eyes red from lack of sleep, and directing the filling and placing of sacks. In age, to me, he was still a kid. I never saw him look taller or stronger. He seemed to tower over everybody else. I caught his eye and waved to him. He grinned and shouted:

"Harold, I've learned more about fighting water in the last four hours than most people learn in forty years!"

I did not feel that he was boasting. He was simply stating a fact. Fred had never seen a flood before.

Each of the three commissioners did wonderfully that night.

Each knew what they were to do and did it. Each commissioner had several men on their section of the levee for seeing that the patroling worked properly. These men under the commissioners would have given the signal if a leak appeared. I saw a lot of people that night, both men and women. I can say that I never saw one who was not doing more than his part. Although each of them, as I, was worried, I saw nothing but cheerful spirits. There was lots of joking.

During the afternoon, I had sensed there was some feeling of panic (It is no fun to live right by a levee and look up and to see the water above the height of your home!); so I had made a point of stopping at some of the homes and talking to the families, telling them that, while I honestly believed the levee would hold, I thought it best to prepare for the worst. I never saw anyone who was not brave. I had talked to one friend of mine who had lost her husband this last summer and who lived alone. I had found her sitting by herself and listening to the reports from KAGR. I had asked her why she did not go to someone's home and have company.

"I am scared to death, but I have a strange feeling that my home is more comforting," she had said.

Another place I had stopped at had three generations living in it. They had a second floor and were getting stoves, etc., up there "just in case". (They had been flooded out in 1937.) They were cheery but had a newly born baby very much in mind.

Fred Shaefer had asked us if we would go and check on one section of the levee. He had heard that the man in charge there was short of help. We had bounced down a muddy road that threatened to mire us, but we had made it and we found the man in charge, Barr Shaver, standing like a Rock of Gibraltar. He told us that, for a while, he was worried about manpower; but now he was all right. We had gone back and reported this. On these trips, now and again, we had seen cars loaded with family belongings, which were ready to get out at a moment's notice.

Now, Fred Shaefer took Wilson over to a stick he had put in the side of the levee at the water's edge not too long before. The water now had gone to a nine-inch mark he had made on it. He told Wilson that, when it got to the twelve-inch mark, he was going to give the warning for the people to evacuate in the south part of the District. (The water never did quite reach that mark!)

We drove up to the northern part of the district. Honcut Creek's rise had slowed down. It seemed to be cresting. This was the first time I had any sense of relief. (Not too long before, Fred Shaefer had said to me: "They keep saying the water will begin to stop going up, but it *never* stops going up." And, about the same time, Commissioner Reinard Helder had said to me: "They keep asking me if the levee is going to break. I tell them

that it won't. But how do I know?" I had reminded him that he had to get used to the fact that, in a day, the levee commission suddenly was expected to be a body of demi-gods.)

All of a sudden, while we were standing looking at the water at Honcut Creek, someone called from his car to say that the levee in Marysville at the "D" Street bridge, had just broken and that those left in town should be out in twenty minutes. As I recall it, this was about 11:30 P.M. A pall of stunned silence fell over the small group standing there. I thought one or two of the men were going to cry. It was a dreadful image that came to all our minds: a deluge of water rushing down the silent, empty streets we knew so well.

As Reinard Helder had asked us to travel the west levee from north to south, we started on our way. This took us an hour and a half to get to the road at Simmerly Slough. Obviously, the patrollers on the most northerly part of the levee were not too concerned about its safety there. They were driving in pickups and flashing their spotlights on the levee. The first pickup we came to had a radio and they told us the Marysville levee had broken. but they could not make out the details. The next pickup we came to with a radio told us that, apparently, it was a leak rather than a break. The next pickup told us that, for the moment, apparently, the men in Marysville were able to stop the water.

As we went along and checked with each patroller, we gathered that the water had been rising at the rate of three inches an hour recently. At last, we came to the first patroller on foot. He had a shovel in one hand and a rifle in the other. Quite a few of the patrollers carried rifles. It had been a grapevine belief for years in District Ten that, if Marysville ever were threatened for life by high water, somebody from that town would come over and blow up our levee in order to reduce the pressure on the Marysville levee. There were men patrolling our levees who were prepared to shoot to kill any person they found trying to do such a thing. (Since the Yuba City Tragedy, I believe this feeling has changed considerably. I actually have heard several people out here say that they felt we should be willing to be flooded if such a disaster could be avoided by so doing. However, it is my understanding that the complete flooding of District Ten would not have prevented the break in the Yuba City levee.)

As we moved down the levee, we asked if anyone had messages for anyone, or if there was any sign of trouble. Everyone reported that all was well. We began to run into some who felt that the water might hav stopped rising. We found that the water, on the average, was about four feet from the top of the levee. Wilson Wood recorded the high water wark on the levee at the foot of La Finca Lane as four and one-half feet from the top. Later, it developed that the highest the water rose on any part of the levee was 30 inches from the top. This minimum was at the southwest corner.

On that trip down the levee, there were two imaginary pictures that kept coming to my mind. One was that of Barbara and Charley Kimmel casting a last, loving glance behind them as they locked the front door of their home and abandoned it to what might come. The other was that of Marysville Levee Commissioner Frank Booth courageously fighting at the "D" Street Bridge. Naturally, there were so many in these positions; but these two were the pictures that kept coming back to me.

As we approached the southwest corner, we were fairly close to Marysville. It was quite still and we listened intently for the five quick blasts on

the Marysville fire whistle that would be the signal that the levee had broken and all should flee for their lives. We could see the Tenth Street Bridge at Yuba City quite clearly. Its lights made it quite conspicuous. Somehow, I felt that, if I could see just one car going into Marysville, the city was saved. I could see a few cars going toward Yuba City and, at last, I saw one going the other way. For no real reason, then and there, I believed Marysville's ordeal was over.

We arrived at the road at Simmerly Slough about 1:00 A.M. and reported that all seemed well along the west levee and that, when he left the Honcut, it seemed to be holding its own. Just then, someone arrived from the north to say that the Honcut definitely was dropping. Fred Shaefer said that the water seemed to be still going up a little where we were. He was ready to put sandbags across the road, for it was getting close to the high point of the road. I walked down to the water's edge. There was a man there who told me he had put in a stick of his own and he was convinced that the water was holding its own. I walked back to the bonfire to get warm. There was a radio there tuned, as they all were, to KAGR.

It was about 1:15 A.M. I suddenly realized that I was dead tired and probably could be of more use if I got a few hours' sleep. I felt that District Ten's real crisis was past. Even though sacks still were being filled and sent to the washouts on the east levee, and even though one friend of mine called out to me, "If the wind keeps up, we'll all be cleaned out (modification)", I felt we had made it. I heard the radio say that it understood that people were being advised to leave the area south of Yuba City, but it was not certain that the advice was official. Certainly there seemed to be no tone of urgency in the announcement. I had already heard something about a break in the Yuba City levee at Shanghai Bend but, for some reason, it had failed to strike me as very vital. I picked up Frank Marhofke, left him at his house, and went home.

I found Margaret listening to KAGR. I told her I was going to get some sleep. She felt that someone in each home should stay by the radio all night, so she stayed up. At that moment, those on the radio did not sound as if the situation at Yuba City was serious at all. (Right then, the watery wall of death was sweeping down on the unsuspecting men, women, and children of Yuba City.) I went to bed.

When I woke up on the morning of December 24, after a few hours sleep, Margaret still was at the radio. The story was unfolding that there was considerable devastation in Yuba City. It was hard to grasp and imagine. One had the feeling that "It can't happen here." The thought that Yuba City's levee had broken seemed incredible. In the sixteen years we had lived up here, I could not remember such a possibility being mentioned. It was always that District Ten was in constant danger, that Marysville might have a scare but its levees surely would hold. Yuba City had a safety that was not under the slightest question. This is as I saw it. Now, there seem to be vast amounts of good people who say they knew differently.

The staff of radio station KMYC (Marysville) was combined with KAGR (Yuba City). Soon the staff of KUBA (Yuba City) joined them. KUBA, dramatically broadcasting until the last moment possible, had been flooded on Friday night. Until this time, KAGR, which is housed in a big, tin shed in Yuba City, was little known. During the Emergency, it did heroic work, though its men got small rest. It became almost the life blood of the area. For little more than an hour it was put out of business early Saturday

morning. The men talked about taking to a boat that was tied outside the window, and they assured their families that they would be all right. Then, somehow, they got back, and they kept going from then on. That Saturday morning, they were an island surrounded by the flood. They knew little of the details of what happened to Yuba City. One or two of them would row out in the boat, take a look, and come back to report what they had seen. Yuba City was out of touch with everyone except for what came in by short wave. It was almost out of touch with Marysville.

KAGR reported that a short wave message from Marysville said that once again it was fighting for its life. This time, it was at the Fifth Street Bridge. Although the bridge had gone out, part of it was ripping into the levee and threatening to break it wide open. The waters had gone down considerably, but still there was much danger. After a while, KAGR broadcasted for 500 men immediately at the Marysville side of the bridge. Then the broadcast hinted that the worst of the threat was over, at least for the time being. Reports came out slowly as to how much of Yuba City was under water. It was reported that the people of Yuba City had all been evacuated.

Early Saturday morning, Margaret heard the broadcast change to: "The water is in the streets! Get out!" We had no idea where our many Marysvill and Yuba City friends were or, actually, if they still were alive. Many of the stories we first heard led us to believe that the loss of life was heavy, that many people had been seen in the swirling flood waters. Actually, there was understandable grounds for stories of a high death rate as hundreds had been caught up in the unexpected wall of water; yet, miraculously, most of these escaped.

I went down to the south levee and found the water lowered considerably. Those that were on hand said there was a very noticeable drop not too long after the Yuba City levee broke. I looked at the water at Honcut Creek, La Finca, and Feather River Ranch. Of course, the water was down everywhere.

During Saturday afternoon, the road to Marysville at Simmerly Slough came out of the water, but it was not until Tuesday that the Highway Department made the few necessary repairs and opened it for traffic. Marysville did not allow outsiders to enter, except for emergency, until Christmas Day.

Saturday morning, the first of the personal messages began to be broadcast over KAGR. These messages continued night and day without letup for over four days. They were continued longer, but then at intervals. They were: "Ray Phillips is anxious to learn the whereabouts of his wife. Will she contact the Red Cross." "Mrs. John Jones and three children are at the home of Mrs. Edith Power, 644 Main Street, Sutter City." "The family of Roger Mason, Olivehurst, have room for the family of Ted Haley." "The father of James Wales, in Portland, Oregon, is very ill and wants to see him before he dies." "X-rays show that Mrs. Henry Meyer must have a Caesarian section immediately. This is urgent. Contact Rideout Hospital." And so on.

These messages were all handled through the Red Cross and went out hour after hour, day after day.One listened to them as if glued to the radio, as one never knew when a message would be broadcast that was vital to him. Now and again, a family name would be heard; and then you were either relieved or more concerned. We were worried about the Charlie Kimmels, as we were fearful as to how Charlie's heart would stand the strain.

We heard several messages broadcasted, trying to get him to report to a Marysville hospital.

Late Saturday morning, one of our levee commissioners walked into Marysville over the Western Pacific trestle. He checked in with the Yuba County Sheriff. Some days later, I heard the Sheriff say that this was the first definite news he had received from District Ten since early Friday evening. Apparently, Marysville had heard a rumor that District Ten had been flooded. We knew all about Marysville, but not Marysville about us.

During the middle of the afternoon (Saturday), I decided to try and get a little Christmas Spirit. I got out of my work clothes, took a bath, and went to call on each of the La Finca Orchard Company families, to wish them a "Merry Christmas". I delivered Christmas packages to the La Finca children and to a few District Ten friends. It was marvelous how a little bit of the accustomed Christmas feeling began to grow. The boys and Hannah Mary brought in the Tree and put it up. After supper, they trimmed it and, later, Margaret and I put out the presents. It was definitely the children who pushed it all through, with Hannah Mary way, way ahead of everybody else. In fact, I think she was the one who put it over. During Saturday afternoon, the news was broadcast that the people of Marysville probably could go back to their homes on Christmas Day.

Christmas Day dawned and it was hard to avoid a heaviness of heart. We still knew nothing of our friends, and the news of Yuba City damage grew in its seriousness. Hannah Mary was bursting with joy, and the boys were playing along with her. After breakfast, we opened our packages and, as I looked around the room and saw the six of us safe and sound together, a wave of humble thankfulness swept over me. So very much to be grateful for on this Christmas Day, even if those incessant, pitiful, personal messages were ringing in our ears! There were those empty rooms with Christmas trees and Christmas packages buried in Yuba City so close, yet, somehow, the Spirit of Christmas did seem immortal.

I thought of Barbara Kimmel saying to me on Friday that, if she could only get to our house for Christmas Dinner, she would come through our front door on her knees. Christmas afternoon came and, about 3:00 P.M., came a telephone call. It was the Kimmel family home again and all right. Charlie was fine. Barbara had been listening to the radio at the Dr. Iverson's when the sudden warning came to "Get out! The water is in the streets of Yuba City." They had never unpacked their car. She awakened Charlie. They grabbed the two children. Their dog and their cat were in the car. They jumped in and dashed off. The Iversons did not believe that the river would come so fast. Almost as soon as the Kimmels left, the wall of water struck the Iverson house. The family had no chance to get out. As the water rose in the house, Dr. Iverson broke a hole in the ceiling with the butt of his shotgun. Five of them scrambled through to the roof. They sat on the roof in the cold and the rain all night. In the morning, a helicopter took them off. The water stood about six feet deep.

As the Kimmels had driven off, another car started away on the next street about a block away. The fearful wall of water struck this car and a mother and child were drowned.

The Kimmels once again joined the line of refugees and drove to Colusa, where they were welcomed into a home of strangers. They were accepted as part of their host's family. Here is where they spent their Christmas Eve.

The town was jammed with refugees. Charlie worked at the Colusa Hospital. Here indeed was the Spirit of Christmas.

While walking on the streets of Colusa, the Kimmels ran into the Ed Stanek family. It was Sally Stanek who had so kindly telephoned Margaret to ask us all to join them in Yuba City Friday afternoon, so that we all could be "safe"! Now the Stanek house was in the water. Although the Kimmels could have come out to our house for dinner, as previously planned, they were like war refugees; they had the feeling that, at any moment, they would have to flee again; and so they clung to their own home. We postponed our Christmas Dinner for several days.

That Christmas night, it rained hard again. The sound was nauseating. Next morning, as I was getting up, it seemed to be raining harder than I ever had seen it rain. I was just getting, or trying to get, my courage to face another day when the telephone rang. It was my brother, Bill, from Princeton. Ten minutes later, the telephone rang again. It was my faithful friend, Jim Whedbee, in Baltimore. Up until those two calls, we had not been able to get communications in or out. Those two gentlemen can never know what the sound of their voices did for me. Shortly afterwards, the storm ended and the sun even shone for a short time; but part of Yuba City flooded once more.

And now, as I finish writing this, we are having another flood. Just three weeks since the last one! The people everywhere are terribly jittery. It looks like no danger for Marysville or District Ten, but a desperate battle is being waged at the repaired Yuba City levee. Brave, resourceful men are fighting there. Time will tell the result.

Editor's Note: Although the locale of this article lies outside Santa Barbara County, we include it in this issue of "Noticias" for several reasons: It is of considerable historical value; it has great inherent interest; and it is the personal experience in a time of catastrophic emergency of not only a member of the third generation of one of Santa Barbara's old and widely respected families (The Samuel Edwards Family lived on the "Blue Onion" corner of State and Valerio Streets for many years.) but also a present member of our Society. His wife, Margaret, also, is a third generation Santa Barbaran. The cause of the recurring floods is, of course, the silting up of the lower reaches of the Sierra Nevada rivers as a result of the panning for gold along their middle courses in "Forty-Niner Times" by the Argonauts and their immediate followers. The levels of these streambeds now lie well above the levels of the surrounding farm lands.

Book Review

ARCHITECTURE OF THE CALIFORNIA MISSIONS

Text by Kurt Baer—Photographs by Hugo Hudinger

This attractive book will appeal to every person or organization interested in California history or architecture. Kurt Baer bravely faced an unfilled area of documentation, for although Cullimore, Hannadore and Edwards, Fages and others have reported on adobes, a collection of the Missions was in want of attention.

The volume is handsomely designed by Rita Cornell and the binding, selection of highly legible type and the printing are all in excellent taste.

In a splendid and lengthy introduction Baer tells the story of the founding of the Missions, of the pioneer Padres who brought their memories and perhaps some drawings of church designs in Spain and Mexico. He describes how, with often but two Padres at each mission, they schooled their stone